THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

OR

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

FOR *AUGUST* 1801;

With a View of the CAVE of FINGAL, in *Staffa*; one of the Weſtern Iſlands.

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State

State of the BAROMETER, in inches and decimals, and of Farenheit's THERMOMETER in the open air, taken in the morning before sun-rise, and at noon; and the quantity of rain-water fallen in inches and decimals, from July 26. to Aug. 24. 1801, in the vicinity of Edinburgh.

1801.	Barom.	Thermom. M	Thermom. N.	Rain. In. Pts.	Weather.
July 26	29.71	53	60	0.111	Rain
27	29.8	50	54	0.605	Ditto
28	29.795	53	58	0.05	Ditto
29	29.74	48	64	——	Clear
30	29.66	53	55	0.04	Showers
31	29.55	51	54	0.3015	Rain
Aug. 1	29.63	52	60	0.05	Clear
2	29.811	51	60	——	Ditto
3	29.91	53	71	——	Ditto
4	29.881	53	73	——	Ditto
5	29.91	50	77	——	Ditto
6	30.	52	79	——	Ditto
7	30.05	55	77	——	Cloudy
8	30.05	55	77	——	Ditto
9	30.06	53	72	——	Ditto
10	30.06	54	64	——	Ditto
11	30.061	49	69	——	Clear
12	30.01	54	62	0.081	Rain
13	29.82	53	60	0.151	Ditto
14	29.8	56	60	0.04	Showers
15	29.93	54	65	——	Cloudy
16	30.041	45	67	——	Ditto
17	29.95	56	71	0.15	Rain
18	29.9	53	79	——	Clear
19	29.89	56	83	——	Ditto
20	29.9	51	64	——	Cloudy
21	29.971	55	60	——	Ditto
22	30.	53	77	——	Ditto
23	29.7	52	71	——	Cloudy
24	29.7	52	73	——	Ditto

Quantity of Rain 1.5795

High Water at LEITH for SEPT. 1801.

Days.	Morn. H. M.	Even. H. M.
T. 1.	9 49	10 15
W. 2.	10 41	11 5
Th. 3.	11 30	11 54
Fr. 4.	——	0 18
Sa. 5.	0 41	1 3
Su. 6.	1 24	1 46
M. 7.	2 7	2 28
T. 8.	2 49	3 10
W. 9.	3 31	3 53
Th. 10.	4 16	4 38
Fr. 11.	5 2	5 26
Sa. 12.	5 47	6 8
Su. 13.	6 41	7 15
M. 14.	7 46	8 17
T. 15.	8 48	9 20
W. 16.	9 51	10 22
Th. 17.	10 52	11 22
Fr. 18.	11 50	——
Sa. 19.	0 18	0 44
Su. 20.	1 10	1 35
M. 21.	2 0	2 24
T. 22.	2 48	3 12
W. 23.	3 36	4 0
Th. 24.	4 24	4 49
Fr. 25.	5 14	5 39
Sa. 26.	6 5	6 31
Su. 27.	6 57	7 23
M. 28.	7 50	8 16
T. 29.	8 42	9 7
W. 30.	9 33	9 57

MOON.

	D.	H.	M.	
N. Moon	8.	5	26	Morn.
First Qrtr.	15	2.	35	Even.
Full Moon	22.	7	11	Morn.
Laſt Qrtr.	29.	7.	36	Even.

OBSERVATIONS:

1801, *September* 1. London burnt, 1666.
1. Partridge ſhooting begins.
5. Dog days end.
9. Buck hunt. ends.
22. King George III. crowned. (1761)
22. Eclipſe of the Moon, (ſee page 132)
29. Michaelmas.
29. Ducheſs of Wirtemberg's Birth. (1766)

THE

THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE OR LITERARY MISCELLANY, FOR *AUGUST* 1801.

FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

OBSERVATIONS *on the advantages arising to Poetical Science from the study of the various manners of compoſition in different Nations, illuſtrated by a Critique on* SELIM & ZAIDA, *a poem, written in the ſtyle of the Oriental poetry* *.

IT is a circumſtance familiar to common obſervation, that all the arts which are ſubject to taſte have a various appearance in different countries. This difference of manner, ſo obvious in the works of the greateſt maſters in painting or poetry, is not confined to the original genius of any individual; it is alſo extended to the genius of nations. The Grecian, Teutonic, Celtic, and Oriental modes of writing, are as eaſy to be diſtinguiſhed, one from another, as the features of a German from the features of an Arab. While nations continue to be divided from the reſt of the world, by the barriers of place and jealouſy, and pride, the popular cuſtoms and manners, are gradually confirmed by the affection of patriotiſm, the national character is neither corrupted nor improved by foreign imitation; their language, poetry, painting, and muſic, are all *aborigines*; and their taſte, whatever may be its approaches to abſolute purity, is the growth of the human faculties unaided by the light of ſcience.

To enumerate all the different particulars from which the varieties of manner have ariſen, though certainly a curious, would at preſent be an unneceſſary taſk. The genius of the northern nations was formed by the country they inhabited; the gloomy ſky, unbounded foreſt, and life of perſonal activity, imparted to their character the principles of ſuperſtition, liberty, and independance. It was not the doctrines of the monk that peopled the air with demons, and the caſtle with terrors; it was the native character and circumſtances of his people, which wrought on the fancy of the ghoſtly teacher, and in the hands of folly or artifice, gradually created the ſyſtem which the poets preſent to us. The bright regions of Aſia were productive of no ſuch *diablerie*. Though the gods of the Celts and Germans were ſhrined in profoundeſt darkneſs, the gods of the Aſiatics delighted in light ineffable. The refreſhing dews, perpetual ſunſhine, vineyards intermingled with paſtoral ſcenery, the platanus planted by the waters, all made a different impreſſion on the fancy; and though the great principles of the human mind are the ſame in every country, yet the operations of many of them have frequently been ſo modified and changed in their directions, that philoſophers might be tempted to diſpute the common origin of ſouls, as ſome have already done the origin of bodies. The preſent taſte of Europe is deſcended from the Grecian ſchool: It

* Juſt publiſhed by *Ar. Conſtable*, Edinburgh.

It has alſo been lately regulated by the ſound direction of criticiſm; by laws which are derived from reaſon and induction; and accordingly poſſeſſes many advantages over thoſe of the Eaſtern nations. The Arabs and Perſians follow, with implicit reverence, the ancient poetical manner of their fathers; the keſideh, gazel, and other ſimple forms of verſe, as ancient as the days of Job, are to them what the elegy, ode, and epic poem, are to Europeans. We have received the laws of poetical compoſition from Greece, and adopted all her forms. National genius has undoubtedly improved on moſt of them; but it is only of late that we have turned our attention to the original poetry of other nations; in ſhort, it does not appear that we have clearly diſcovered what may be done towards enlarging the ſphere of that art and ſcience, by ſelecting the advantages of different originals. In the preſent ſtate of European knowledge, poetry has become a ſcience. A perſon of common literary education may at once find acceſs to the original writers of all the ancient or modern nations. Formerly, like every branch of human wiſdom, the laws of compoſition were to be gathered from copying the beſt models; and the ſucceſs of any writer depended on the powers of his fancy and judgment. The Eneid is a ſtriking example of genius labouring in this narrow path of imitation; unaſſiſted by that ſcience of human nature, which teaches the reaſons, and, of conſequence, the art of poetical pleaſure. The real hiſtory of this ſpecies of compoſition proves, even to certainty, how much it has been indebted to the circumſtances in queſtion.

The bounds of the poetical empire have been viſibly enlarged within the courſe of the laſt fifty years. The commentators on Shakeſpeare, a writer who was born to ſhew the imperfection of the ancient Greeks, excited the attention of the public to the original literature of the Britiſh Iſlands. A Percy opened up the ſtores of the Minſtrels, and Gray improved his own fancy, by the wild effuſions of the north; and ſet the example of tranſlation from the Edda and Gododin. The poems of Oſſian, whatever may be the deciſion with regard to their antiquity, have had a manifeſt influence on the fancy of the poet. They are not of high merit in this reſpect only, but written in an original manner. They preſent the opinions and phraſeology of a barbarous nation, carefully collected from its ballads and popular ſtories, by a native of the country; having all the trivial and improbable circumſtances omitted, and the fanciful and poetical, only preſented to the reader.

The Germans and Engliſh in conjunction, from ſimilar reſources, have introduced the horrors of the middle ages, both into poetry and fictitious hiſtory. Imitation of old ballads has become the favourite employment of perſons of genius; while the numerous tribe of inferior writers have deluged the public with productions in the ſame ſtyle. It is indeed a curious ſubject of ſpeculation, to contemplate the different rages of a literary people. Novel-writing and Poetry, in the days of Pope and Thomſon, ſeem to have differed extremely from novel-writing and poetry in the end of this laſt century. Firſt came the ſentimental, borrowed from the French, where every character was a prodigy of feeling; this was replaced by the reign of pure horror; both are united at preſent with additional reveries of wild philoſophy. Literature, the department of the wiſeſt of mankind, is equally fluctuating with the levity of dreſs and the abſurdity of faſhion.

——— Unis utrique
Error, ſed variis illudit partibus. Hor.

The object of the foregoing remarks was to ſhow that the ſcience of poetry

try may, and has been extended by the peruſal and uſe of original models. Scarcely can we read two authors on any ſubject, who had no means of intellectual intercourſe, without deriving information ſuperior to what we ſhould have obtained had the writers conſulted or copied one another. The faculties of mind perform their operations more or leſs perfectly in all; but their proceſs, when unaſſiſted, is conſiderably various; and while we feel a high degree of pleaſure in contemplating that variety, it plainly increaſes our knowledge of their ways of action. What remains of this paper ſhall be dedicated to obſervations on a poem lately written in the Oriental manner, which ſucceſsfully exemplifies what has already been aſſerted; and which, beſides this convenient property, has the merit of introducing to the public a kind of writing hitherto miſunderſtood, and uncultivated. The ſubject of this poem is the loves and misfortunes of Selim and Zaida; the laſt of whom was the daughter of a Perſian Emperor, and her lover of the ſame country; but as inferior in birth and fortune to her father, as he excelled him in courage and virtues. To derive pleaſure from any work of fancy, it is previouſly neceſſary to underſtand the circumſtances of the fable. The mythology of Aſia, from the earlieſt ages, has been ſtriking and grand. Moſt of the eaſtern nations worſhipped a deity of uncreated light; the ſubordinate ranks of being were the effluence of his ſplendour; fire was the earthly ſymbol of his eſſence; and virtue was rewarded by the returning of the ſoul from a world of darkneſs into the effulgent boſom of its parent. Every ſtar and object of importance, was inhabited by a tutelary angel; the univerſe was peopled with millions of ſpiritual beings, ſome dark and malignant, the hatred of the deity; others ſalutary and virtuous, friendly to man, and acceptable to their author. The tranſmigration of ſouls reſulted from the opinion, that ſpirits polluted by guilt and corporeal infection, returned through gradual ſituations of miſery to the purity of their firſt cauſe.

The Chriſtian religion, during its ſhort prevalence in the Eaſt, was unable to rectify the notions of its votaries, by the ſpirituality of its precepts. The Gnoſtic philoſophy triumphed; many of the fathers underſtood the words "Paradiſe, or the garden of God; hell-fire; the never-dying worm; the river of the water of life, and the other pleaſures of the New Jeruſalem," as deſcribed in the book of the Revelation of St John, almoſt in a literal ſenſe: and Mohammed adopted the ſame ſignification in the ſyſtem of religion which he impoſed on his ſubjects.

Viewing therefore the real ſtate of Aſiatic opinions, we are able to meet any wildneſs in the conduct of the fable, without being diſguſted by its improbability: fancy ſoars in the regions of received and acknowledged fiction; the manners are foreign: the ſimiles and compariſons allude, indeed, to opinions, appearances of nature, flowers, animals, and other objects, to which we are nearly ſtrangers, but they are bold and vivid; they flaſh like the lightenings of the torrid zone, productive of much more pleaſure than injury. The minds of European critics are ſtill too narrow. They have not ſeen the bounds of imagination; they condemn the poetry of the Eaſtern nations as turgid and unnatural. Poſſibly they have read only the worſt part of it; neglecting the benefits which the ſcience might have received from a judicious uſe of models ſo eccentric. Ignorance of the language will ſcarcely be an apology for him who condemns, without ceremony, the wildneſs of Ferduſi, or the irregularities of Hafiz. The lamp of genius often requires a ſupply of purer

purer light, and thoſe who have boldly ſoared beyond the range of mortals are beſt able to beſtow it.

SELIM and ZAIDA is divided into two parts. The firſt opens with a view of the imperial palace, and Haram, ſituated on the banks of the united Tigris and Euphrates, not far from their entrance into the ſea; and the Perſian princeſs, cloſely confined to her apartments and the ſurrounding gardens, is introduced converſing with her faithful confidante Leila. The latter naturally enquires the cauſe of her obvious dejection, by a queſtion highly figurative and poetical :—

Star of the Eaſt, dare clouds invade
Thy radiant orb, and dim its fire ;
Of Aſia's maids the loveliеſt maid,
Aught canſt thou, and in vain, deſire ?

Not the great Author of thy birth
To rule can ampler claims advance ;
Though his, he boaſts, the ſubject earth
In right of his victorious lance :

For thine the rule of hearts.——

The anſwer ſhe receives is a deep complaint of the weakneſs of beauty when oppoſed to pride and ambition; of the unfeeling harſhneſs of the "cold and earthy ſoul of power," when addreſt by the finer emotions of the human heart. The fair mourner paſſes from this view of her own ſituation to a beautiful contraſt—the happineſs of humble birth :—

In vales obſcure, in lowly bowers,
Why was not hapleſs Zaida born,
Where peace awaits the ſtar-wing'd hours,
And guiltleſs pleaſure hails the morn ?

Light as the Gazel I had trode
O'er flower-gemm'd meads, o'er mountains green,
Nor, preſs'd by Grandeur's cumb'rous load,
Had pin'd in this unfriendly ſcene.

Deteſted ſcene ! here Terror ſways ;
Here rolls the Mute his ſullen eyes
That ſparkle fate. Our weary days
Waſte in regret and fruitleſs ſighs.

She envies the freedom of the Gazel, a ſpecies of deer, remarkable for its ſwiftneſs and the beauty of its eyes. The writings of the ancient Jews are full of alluſions to this animal; it was called, in their language, Tſebi, a word ſynonymous with beauty. "The Gazel of Iſrael is mortally wounded on thy mountains," is the beginning of the elegy on Saul and Jonathan in the ſecond book of Samuel.

The reader of the foregoing verſes will probably recollect a parallel paſſage in the poetry of an Arabian queen. Maiſuna was deſcended of a Bedouin tribe, in the company of which ſhe had ſhared, during her early years, the freedom, poverty, and other accidents of fortune, that befall, in their wanderings, the children of the deſert. Her beauty raiſed her to the throne of Aſia and the bed of Moawias, the firſt Caliph that, by force of arms, and the allurements of ſplendour, wreſted from his lawful deſcendants the chair of Mohammed. The court of Damaſcus was a ſcene of miſery to Maiſuna. How far the ſentiments of Zaida coincide with thoſe of the Sultana, may be gathered from the following tranſlation of one of her poems :—

The ruſſet ſuit of camel's hair,
With ſpirits light, and eye ſerene,
Are dearer to my boſom far
Than all the trappings of a queen.

The humble tent, and murmuring breeze,
That whiſtles through its murmuring walls,
My unaſpiring fancy pleaſe
Better than towers and ſplendid halls.

Th' attending colts that bounding fly,
And frolick by the litter's ſide,
Are dearer in Maiſuna's eye
Than gorgeous mules in all their pride *, &c.

CARLYLE'S TRANSL.

The cruel confinement of her ſex, according to the cuſtom of the Eaſt, is

* Vide Carlyle's Specimens of Orient. Poetry.

is the next tranſition in the complaint of Zaida. She compares the beauties of the male and female form; and, unable to diſcover any pre-eminent qualities in the one ſex, that might exempt it from the unfeeling reſtraint which it impoſes on the other, ſhe breaks out in the highly-impaſſioned ſtrains which ſucceed:—

Why, why do walls our race enfold?
Walls gleaming with terrific ſwords;—
Of fairer form, of purer mould,
In worth we match our tyrant lords.

The Dive, abhorr'd malignant Spright,
Whom fury and revenge inflame,
Whom ſickneſs, pain, and woe delight,
Appears in Man's degraded frame.

But ye fair forms of fragrance bright—
As the bright ſtar that wakes the morn,
Whoſe mien is love, whoſe ſmiles are light,
The female ſemblance ye adorn:

Reſtraint is ours, and ours alone.—
From Ganges to the Weſtern Sea;
From Niger to the ſunleſs Zone,
Nature bids all her tribes be free.

Free o'er the wild the zebra flies,
Free 'midſt the waves the dolphins ſail,
And freely ranges through the ſkies
The queen of ſong, the nightingale.

In freedom o'er this ſmiling plain
his arrowy ſtream the *Tigris* pours:
Free, even to licence, rolls the main
His waves that break in ſilver ſhowers.

Bright ſtream!—Bright waves!—Methinks ye feel,
Cold tho' ye be, the ills we know;
Methinks even now ye ſadly ſteal
Along your banks, and weep our woe.

To enlarge on the beauty of theſe verſes, which muſt be obvious to every reader, would ſurely be very unneceſſary. It is no flattery to the anonymous author, to tell him, that ſtrains ſuch as theſe would have fixed his reputation at the court of Bagdad in the better days of Oriental poetry. It muſt not, however, be imagined, that the beauties of Arabian or Perſian writers have been pillaged to conſtitute thoſe marks of fancy and genius ſo evident in the whole of this poem: the Eaſtern manner only is copied with great preciſion, and it is eaſy to perceive with much advantage of effect. The compariſon of the Dives, the malignant genii of the Eaſt, contraſted with the Peris, benevolent ſpirits of tranſcendent luſtre and fragrance, is ſingularly happy, and in the true ſtyle of this kind of compoſition. The freedom of both ſexes, from the Niger to the Pole, from the Ganges to the Weſtern Ocean, the whole bounds of Perſian geographical knowledge, is a circumſtance finely appropriate. All the animals, both by land and ſea, and the birds of the air, enjoyed a privilege which unhappy Zaida could not command! The two laſt verſes, in which inanimate nature ſeems to the beautiful captive a ſentient being, entirely unſubjected to the galling miſeries of her own fortune, is above all praiſe. The ſympathy of every thing around us, even of inanimate objects, with our own feelings, ſo finely illuſtrated in the laſt verſe, is a pleaſing deluſion of fancy, perhaps intended by the great Creator of our ſpecies as additional means of heightening our joys, and of affording ſome conſolation to the heavieſt of our ſorrows. Theſe obſervations will be continued, in a ſubſequent number, to the end of the Poem; which, in many points of view, may be recommended to general attention, as an excellent ſpecimen of poetical writing in a particular manner; poſſeſt of much fancy, original thought, and expreſſion, the *vivida vis ingenii*, without which there can neither be pleaſure to the reader nor honour to the poet.

Edinburgh. SCRUTATOR.

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT OF THE LATE WILLIAM NEWCOMBE, D. D. ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH, AND PRIMATE OF ALL IRELAND.

DR NEWCOMBE was appointed to the ſee of Dromore, 1766, and previouſly to that promotion, we are told, he was private tutor to the Hon. Charles Fox. He was tranſlated, under Lord Harcourt's adminiſtration, to Oſſory, 1775; to Waterford, 1779; and thence, by Earl Fitzwilliam, to the primacy, on the death of Dr Robinſon, Lord Rokeby, 1795.

His grace is well known to the friends of ſacred criticiſm, by his learned and well-directed labours. The firſt of theſe was, "An Harmony of the Goſpels; in which the Engliſh Text is diſpoſed after Le Clerc's general Manner, with ſuch various Readings at the Foot of the Page as have received Wetſtein's Sanction in his folio Edition of the Greek Teſtament. Obſervations are ſubjoined, tending to ſettle the Time and Place of the ſeveral Tranſactions, to eſtabliſh the Series of facts, and to reconcile ſeeming Inconſiſtencies," 1778, folio.

Dr Prieſtley publiſhed a Greek Harmony, 1777; in which he maintains that our Lord's miniſtry did not laſt above one year; the biſhop, reckoning by four paſſovers, makes its duration three years and a half. Soon after his Harmony appeared, Dr Prieſtley publiſhed one in Engliſh, prefixing a letter to the biſhop, maintaining his aſſertion. In anſwer, the biſhop publiſhed "The Duration of our Lord's Miniſtry particularly conſidered, in Reply to a Letter from Dr Prieſtley, on that Subject, prefixed to his Engliſh Harmony of the Evangeliſts," 1780, 12mo. The doctor next year republiſhed his former letter, with the addition of a ſecond, to which the biſhop replied with his uſual moderation the ſame year. In 1782, he publiſhed, "Obſervations on our Lord's Conduct as a Divine Inſtructor, and on the Excellence of his Moral Character," 4to; the moſt complete work in its kind that has appeared; and an improved edition of it was publiſhed in 1795, 8vo. "An Attempt toward an improved Verſion, a metrical Arrangement, and an Explanation, of the Twelve Minor Prophets." 1785, 4to; with a view to recommend and facilitate an improved Engliſh tranſlation of the Septuagint. It is to be regretted this excellent work is in a manner out of print.

This was followed by "An Attempt toward an improved Verſion of Ezekiel," 4to: "A Review of the chief Difficulties in the Goſpel Hiſtory reſpecting our Lord's Reſurrection," a quarto pamphlet, with a view to retract ſome errors in the Greek Harmony.

The next publication of this pious ſcholar was "An Hiſtorical View of the Engliſh Biblical Tranſlations, the Expediency of reviſing by Authority our preſent Tranſlation, and the Means of executing ſuch a Reviſion," Dublin, 1792. Since his death has been publiſhed, which he had printed before that event, in two volumes, 8vo. "A Tranſlation of the New Teſtament," with notes. In all his writings, extreme candour and a zealous reſearch into truth appear to have been the moſt ſtriking characteriſtics.

This learned prelate died at his palace of Armagh, aged ſeventy-one, on the 11th of January, 1800; and on the 14th, his remains were depoſited in the New College Chapel, Dublin.

ADDITIONAL

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

ADDITIONAL REMARKS ON THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY, AND ON THE INFINITE PERFECTIBILITY OF THE HUMAN MIND*.

During theſe two thouſand years the ſciences have ſtill remained where they were, and almoſt in the ſame condition, without any conſiderable improvement: nay, they rather flouriſhed moſt in their original authors, and afterwards declined.

BACON, *Novum Organum.*

SIR,

IN peruſing the hiſtory of civil broils, and the annals of literary contentions, every attentive obſerver muſt have remarked, with a ſigh, that the reſpective diſputants have contended oftener for victory than for truth, and that thoſe animoſities which a diſputatious temper, or the ardour of debate, may have occaſioned, reſult not ſo much from any radical difference of opinion, or any complicated interference of intereſts, as from ſome unaccountable miſunderſtanding, or ſome groſs miſconception of their opponent's meaning. In all reaſoning concerning ſpeculative truths, this miſunderſtanding is particularly apparent, and ariſes as frequently from the careleſs inattention of the diſputants, as from the indefinite nature of words, or the want of a juſt and philoſophical language. In order to remedy this defect, to which all debate is unavoidably ſubjected, it is cuſtomary to define, with ſtrictneſs and accuracy, the meaning of thoſe words which enter into the controverſy, and to leave no method untried which might anſwer a fair and a candid diſcuſſion. This plan of procedure, however, is adopted only by philoſophers who make the diſcovery of truth the ultimate object of their reſearch, and turn aſide with contempt from the mean artifices of thoſe modern deſcendants of Zoilus, who, by taking advantage of this defect of language, can ſet at variance any two ſucceſſive ſentences of the ſtricteſt and the ſoundeſt reaſoning.

As this precaution, however, has been neglected in the queſtion now before you, the opinions which I had ſtated in a former letter have been groſsly miſrepreſented, contradictions have been pointed out where they do not exiſt, and errors detected where a little attention might have diſcovered truth. Nor is this all. Your Correſpondent, *Urbanus*, has imputed to me opinions which I diſclaim and deſpiſe, and of which I would diſdain to be the author. I am none of thoſe men, Sir, who can ſo far ſhut their eyes againſt the advancement of the human race, as to deny the perfectibility † of the human mind. I am none of thoſe men who believe that ſociety has a neceſſary, retrograde, tendency towards vice and decay; or that vice is gaining ground, and virtue perpetually declining. Theſe, Sir, are the opinions of the aged, who have been ſoured by the diſappointments of life, whoſe ſchemes of literary fame have been thwarted by inability to execute, and who have found themſelves unable to advance a ſtep in the paths of ſcience. Every man, indeed, whoſe boſom beats with philanthropy, and whoſe heart glows with benevolence, muſt contemplate, with increaſing rapture, the improvement

* See the Edinburgh Magazine for May, p. 374.

† *Perfectibility*, and *Infinite perfectibility*, are quite different terms: The firſt implies merely that the human mind is capable of improvement, whereas the ſecond denotes that it is capable of arriving, in this life, at the higheſt pitch of perfection of which its nature is capable.

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ment of his fellow men, and exult in their ſuperiority to the ages that are paſt. From the thraldom of Pagan barbarity we are now delivered; the horrors of the tenth century ceaſe to aſſail us, and the chains of ignorance no longer bind us to the altars of ſuperſtition. A new age has ariſen—Science has illumined our once benighted land—Reaſon now rules with more extenſive ſway—BACON has lived—NEWTON has ſucceeded him. Theſe conſtitute our ſuperiority to the ages that are paſt, and blind muſt be thoſe eyes that cannot diſcern it. That man, indeed, who denies this ſuperiority, and looks with apathy on the improvement of his fellow creatures—who never heaved a ſigh at the misfortune of his neighbour, nor ſmiled at the proſperity of his friend, ſhould retreat from the ſociety of men, and retire to the deſarts of Siberia, barren as his underſtanding, and cold as his heart.

Having thus declared myſelf an adherent to the doctrine of perfectibility, and diſclaimed all connection with thoſe gloomy opinions which tend to fetter the operations of mind, and throw a bar in the way of human improvement, I ſhall now, after a few preliminary obſervations, ſtate with preciſion the point in diſpute—illuſtrate the arguments which impell me to adhere to my former opinion—and vindicate, from the charge of contradiction and inconſiſtency, thoſe *detached ſentences* of my former letter, upon which your learned correſpondent has condeſcended to animadvert.

It is the duty of every good man to imitate, as far as poſſible, the conduct of Urbanus, who declares himſelf one of thoſe ſimple beings who trouble themſelves little with the affairs of their neighbours. To intermeddle with the opinions and affairs of others, argues an empty head and a filly heart:—It is an indubitable mark of a vacant mind, deſtitute of all internal reſources, and unable to fill up, in another manner, thoſe valuable moments of life in which it might have forwarded the amelioration of our ſpecies. Among literary men, a diſpoſition of this nature is peculiarly unfortunate. For in different individuals, the conſtitution of the human mind is ſo various—their views and propenſities ſo widely different—and the prejudices which ariſe from education ſo ſtrong and impregnable, that it is impoſſible for two men to think in the ſame way, or adopt the ſame ſentiments: and he who, like Charles V. attempts to bring the opinions of a whole nation to one ſtandard, will, like him, alſo ſtruggle in vain, and only widen the wound which he intended to heal. For theſe reaſons I am inclined to be of the ſame opinion with your correſpondent. Yet though it betokens a diſingenuous mind to be continually finding fault with the opinions of others, there are certain caſes where this ſimplicity of diſpoſition muſt be thrown aſide, where the philoſopher muſt riſe from the contemplation of nature, to guard our feeble-minded youth againſt the allurements of ſophiſtry, and cheriſh, with genial care, thoſe dying embers of truth, which are ſometimes liable to be obſcured by the flaſhes of eloquence, and drowned in the deceitful torrent of oratorial declamation. In this caſe, the maxim *Laiſſer le faire* becomes the language of a ſimpleton who dare not provide againſt future calamity, and can ſit unconcerned while his neighbour's houſe is on fire.

Theſe, Sir, or motives ſimilar to theſe, impelled me to enter into the preſent controverſy, and the ſame motives urge me to continue it. There are ſome perſons, indeed, who, looking with a microſcopic eye upon every thing around them, magnify into exiſtence the moſt trivial occurrences, and take alarm at opinions from which no danger can enſue. But this, Sir, in the preſent caſe,

cannot

cannot be objected; for your correſpondent has candidly confeſſed that the doctrine which I formerly oppoſed is the foundation of modern philoſophiſm, and that the abuſe of this *harmleſs opinion* is the grand pillar upon which this fatal fabric has been reared. If then, Sir, this opinion is ſo liable to abuſe, and has actually been abuſed by one quarter of Europe, what muſt we think of thoſe men who wantonly inculcate it? The metaphyſician, it is true, when ſitting in his cloſet, may wrench from this general propoſition thoſe corollaries, and advantages, which your correſpondent has enumerated; but the generality of men who embrace the doctrine of infinite perfectibility, are but little influenced with logical concluſions, and the giddy youth of modern breeding are ſeldom directed by ſpeculative opinions, which are contrary to their paſſions and their prejudices, their pleaſures and propenſities. On this account, Sir, even ſuppoſing the doctrine to be true, does it not betoken a ſtrict ſenſe of propriety to conceal it from a fickle and an innovating vulgar? For it is an indubitable fact, that there are many ſpeculative opinions which, though true in themſelves, are deſtructive of the peace and happineſs of ſociety; and though, like the ſurgeon's knife, they may both kill and cure, yet, like this inſtrument alſo, when in the hands of the unſkilful, they will generally prove the meſſengers of death. Like the fatal arſenic, they may be ſafely adminiſtered in certain diſeaſes, and to certain conſtitutions; yet to the generality of patients they will, like it, convulſe the frame, and deſtroy the conſtitution.

Having finiſhed thoſe preliminary remarks, which the introduction of Urbanus's letter called upon me to make, I ſhall now enter more minutely into the queſtion under conſideration. Every perſon who peruſed with attention the letter which I had the honour to addreſs to you, muſt have perceived that, in oppoſition to your excellent correſpondent A. M. I attempted to prove, by probable argument, that ſcience would not advance, like the falling ſtone, with an uniformly accelerated velocity; but that the hiſtory of future ages would, like thoſe that are paſt, be marked with alternate periods of ignorance and illumination—of virtue and vice—of order and confuſion. Not that there is any ſympathy between the human mind and error;—not that virtue is gradually declining, and the human race retreating from improvement: But that, upon the whole, ſcience is continually advancing, though its progreſs is not ſo uniform, and its velocity not ſo rapid as the ingenious author of Candle-light Sketches would with us to believe. Every perſon who does not willingly ſhut his eyes againſt the evidence of facts, muſt diſcover, amidſt the greateſt confuſion, ſome traces of a directing hand; he muſt perceive a ſyſtem of amelioration carrying on throughout the univerſe, and be convinced that the human race are gradually approaching to ſome *fixed* ſtandard of perfection, erected by that infinite Being who maketh even the wrath of the wicked ſubſervient to his power. This opinion, which your correſpondent has properly denominated the oſcillation of ſcience, I endeavoured to prove by ſeveral arguments which he has not attempted to contravert; but as he denies the truth of the doctrine, it will be neceſſary to illuſtrate the chief of theſe with a little more plainneſs and perſpicuity.

In all ſpeculative reaſoning concerning contingent events, there are only two methods which may ſafely be adopted, in order to form a proper concluſion. We muſt either take a partial view of the adminiſtration of the univerſe, and conclude that the ſame ſtate of things, which at preſent exiſts,

exists, will always exist; or we must take a more extensive view of those important changes which have taken place since the creation of the world,—compare these changes with the causes that produced them, and, by forming our notions of the future from our knowledge of the past, conclude that periods of retardation will still continue to interrupt that geometrical progression which the imagination of some men have fondly conceived. Which of these methods, then, will it be proper to adopt? If we make use of the former, we will evidently be liable to form erroneous conclusions. For had it been adopted at that period when Greece was the most accomplished of European nations, their philosophers would have concluded that ages of darkness would never have commenced;—and if, on the other hand, the *philosophers* of the tenth century had made use of it for predicting the future state of Europe, the prospect before them must have been gloomy indeed, for they would never have concluded that an enlightened age like the present could have ever existed. Since then the first of these methods is so liable to error, it is reasonable to adopt the second, and draw from it those conclusions which were mentioned in my former letter, and which it is unnecessary here to repeat.

Nor is this mere speculation: an example is at hand which may change conjecture into conviction, and theory into experience. The time in which we now live is one of those periods where the velocity of science has been retarded by several external causes. This assertion will sound strangely in the ears of those who are accustomed to look upon the present moment as the age of discovery, and to consider it as the most enlightened period in the history of our species. None can have a higher opinion than myself of the abilities of British philosophers, and none can view with greater enthusiasm the discoveries which they have made. The discoveries of a Herschel will long be remembered by a grateful posterity; and that Sovereign to whose munificence they were owing will live for ever in the affections of his people. But these circumstances will not affect the strength of the argument, as the more general effects of this retardation cannot well be discerned till their producing causes have ceased to operate.

The reign of Louis XVI. has been deservedly considered as the most scientific period in the history of France. She could then boast of a Lavoisier, a La Grange, and a great number of philosophers whose abilities have done honour to their country, and extended the boundaries of general science. But as soon as this royal patron of learning fell a sacrifice to an infuriated multitude, and the turbulence of a rising republic succeeded to a regular government, the interests of learning would necessarily be neglected; for the arts of peace cannot well be cultivated where war and ambition are the prevailing passions. When such a rage for liberty seized upon the minds of this high-spirited people, the confusion which ensued precluded all possibility of improving the sciences; and the philosophers of France, who were obliged to engage in the transaction of public business, found it impossible to cultivate, amidst the disorders of faction, and the bustle of a rising commonwealth, those studies and researches which require time and tranquillity, and delight in that solitude where silence reigns. It was then that the progress of learning suffered a temporary retardation.—It was then that science slumbered for a while in the lap of anarchy; and when the roar of revolutionary riot had spread its contagious influence through surrounding nations, the spirit of ignorance hovered for a season over

over the nations of Europe. Although philoſophy has now ſprung with increaſing vigour from the chaos of democratic diſunion; and though the rulers of France have engrafted on the tree of pretended liberty the branches of genius, yet the remarks which we have now made undeniably prove, that ſcience has ſuffered a temporary retardation where the velocity of her motion was greater than could be expected. It is no objection to the preſent argument, to tell us that the progreſs of ſcience, during the period under review, has been very great; for if it has been ſhewn that its velocity, however rapid, muſt have ſuffered ſome interruption from the confuſion that prevailed throughout Europe, our point is gained, and all our former reaſoning confirmed.

In order to ſhew that this influence has extended to other countries, arguments *á posteriori* are not, in this caſe, to be obtained; for the effects produced cannot be viſible at ſo early a period. But it is evident that the communication between the philoſophers of Europe has been in a great meaſure interrupted; that thoſe means which are neceſſary for improving the Sciences are put out of the power of many; and that the lower orders of the people, from whom ſome of our greateſt men have ariſen, are, in theſe times, totally unable to afford to any of their children that education which the inclination and abilities of ſome of them might highly deſerve. Many young men of genius will vouch to the truth of this aſſertion,—they will plead their own experience as an inconteſtible truth, that their hopes have been blaſted, and their ſchemes diſappointed; and thereby authoriſe us to conclude that the motion of ſcience is not uniformly progreſſive, but that, like the curve which repreſents the mutual action of the particles of matter, attractions and repulſions alternately ſucceed.

The next object, Sir, of my former letter was to conſider the doctrine of the *infinite* perfectibility of the human mind; that is whether the human mind will arrive in this life at the higheſt perfection of which its nature is capable *. In order to diſprove the affirmative ſide of this queſtion, I attempted to ſhew that it is inconſiſtent with the belief of a future ſtate; and though your correſpondent has affected ſo great an aſtoniſhment at this opinion, that his *feelings* have been *injured*, and a deſire of preſerving thoſe of his readers has forced him to drop the ſubject; yet I will pledge myſelf ſo to demonſtrate, to every reaſonable mind, the truth of this propoſition, that I will defy the moſt egregious dealer in logomachy to weaken its force, or the moſt accompliſhed ſophiſt to overturn the concluſion.

It is an inconteſtible truth, that the operations of the mind are greatly clogged by its union with the body. All our appetites and paſſions conſpire to obſtruct the progreſs of our underſtanding; and in proportion as we ſubdue theſe, and guard ourſelves againſt the errors to which they are apt to lead, in the ſame proportion will the power of our underſtanding be extenſive and vigorous. When the corporeal ſyſtem is deranged by diſeaſe, the acts of the mind are feeble and languid; and when, on the other hand, the body is ſtrong and healthy, the mind thinks with clearneſs and preciſion. From theſe circumſtances it is evident that the human mind cannot arrive at that degree of perfection of which its nature is capable as long as it is affected by, or united with

* Although the phraſe *Infinite perfectibility* does not juſtify this definition of it, yet the meaning which we have here given is preciſely ſimilar to that which is adopted by the abettors of Modern Philoſophiſm, againſt the foundation of whoſe ſyſtem we are arguing.

with the body. But there is no period in this life when the ſoul ſhall be diſunited from the body. Conſequently the human mind cannot, in this life, arrive at that degree of perfection of which its nature is capable. It is preſumed that the major propoſition of this ſyllogiſm is unqueſtionable; but in a point of this nature we ſhall adduce the teſtimony of one who was well acquainted with the preſent ſtate and the future deſtiny of man: "For now," ſays he, "we ſee "as through a glaſs darkly; but "then face to face: now I know in "part; but then ſhall I know even "as alſo I am known." This, Sir, puts beyond all doubt the truth of the propoſition; and vindicates from the charge of abſurdity that portion of my former letter which Urbanus has quoted*. I cannot at all conceive how he could diſcover in that paſſage any compariſon between terreſtrial and heavenly happineſs, or any attempt to delineate the enjoyments of the bleſſed. Who, Sir, dare attempt to ſcan the Eternal Mind, to dart, with a daring eye, into the forbidden regions of futurity, or violate with ſacrilegious hands the arcana of Omnipotence? If our imaginations cannot comprehend, how can our tongues repreſent the joys of eternity? Though what we ſhall be is wiſely concealed from the eyes of men, yet this much is certain, that our knowledge ſhall be more extenſive in that world than in this, our happineſs more complete, and that happineſs, too, without an end.

Having thus, Sir, endeavoured to ſupport the tenor of my former letter by ſome additional arguments, we ſhall now proceed to vindicate thoſe detached parts of it, upon which your correſpondent has animadverted. As I was obliged to anticipate the vindication of the firſt of theſe, which is contained in the ſixth paragraph of his paper, when ſtating the argument againſt the doctrine of infinite perfectibility, I ſhall now proceed to the next, which is found at the end of the eighth paragraph. I paſs over in contempt the malicious inſinuation of your correſpondent at the bottom of page 442, and ſhould have wiſhed that it had never appeared in the Edinburgh Magazine. Neither ſhall I ſpend much of your time in anſwering the queſtion which appears at the top of page 443. For every ingenuous mind who does not wiſh to impute all his actions to great and laudable motives, will anſwer, that he ſtudies the different departments of human knowledge in order to improve his own mind, and make himſelf a reſpectable and uſeful member of ſociety. Becauſe the houſe where we dwell muſt ſome time come to ruins, ſhall we neglect to repair the breaches of time, and render it a comfortable habitation? Becauſe our bodies will return to their original duſt, muſt we deſpiſe every precaution for preſerving them from deformity, from diſeaſe, or from decay? In like manner, becauſe ſcience muſt ſometimes languiſh and be ſubject to temporary reſtrictions, muſt we neglect to improve the powers of our mind? muſt we allow ourſelves to wallow in ignorance, and ſet aſide all intentions of promoting the preſent comfort of our fellow men? If your correſpondent believes his own maxim, let him deſiſt from all his ſtudies, and determine never more to wander in the pleaſant fields of literary inveſtigation: for as certainly as his body ſhall come to decay—as certainly as the powers of his mind ſhall loſe in the decline of life, that vigour which they now poſſeſs—ſo certainly will the Britiſh nation fall from that high pitch of celebrity to which it has now arrived. Has not Greece "fallen from her high eſtate," and ſeen her glories trampled in the duſt? Has not Rome loſt the ſceptre of univerſal

* See the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for June, page 441.

ſal Empire, and been compelled to crouch under the yoke of thoſe who were once its ſlaves? and ſhall not Britain, too, bend beneath the rod of time, and feel, in her turn, the inconveniences of age as well as ſhe has enjoyed the pleaſures of maturity? Your correſpondent indeed obſerves, "that our patriotiſm deadens at the "thought, for unlike to the increaſ-"ing filial affection for a dying pa-"rent, the love of their falling coun-"try is ſoon extinguiſhed in the "breaſts of her citizens." But I appeal to every man that ever ſtood forth in the cauſe of his country, if his patriotiſm is not greateſt when his country is in danger,—if all the latent powers of his mind and body are not then called into action,—and if he is not ready to exclaim with the Trojan hero

Arma Viri, ferte arma, *vocat lux ultima* victos.

We come now to the Gentleman's remarks upon the *moſt objectionable part* of my former letter; and here I cannot but wonder how he choſe theſe as ſubjects of animadverſion, while he paſſed by all thoſe parts where the reaſoning was contained, and which, according to himſelf, muſt have been leſs liable to objection.—In his remarks upon theſe paſſages, every intelligent reader muſt have perceived that he takes it for granted that a ſtate of perfection muſt exiſt as ſoon as reaſon prevails, and all men become philoſophers; and infers from this ſuppoſition, that the latter part of the paſſage contradicts the firſt. It is ſurely needleſs to prove the abſurdity of this ſuppoſition.—It is needleſs to tell your readers, that France was one of the moſt enlightened nations of Europe, when anarchy and confuſion reigned predominant, and that ſome of her moſt bloody tyrants were philoſophers.—It is needleſs to tell them that the penetrating ſkill of a French chymiſt has diſcovered the *Deity* to be a *cryſtallization*. For your correſpondent has himſelf confeſſed, that "there "may be what the world calls phi-"loſophers without the minuteſt por-"tion of moral rectitude." It therefore neceſſarily follows, that there can be a nation of philoſophers without the minuteſt portion of moral rectitude; and where this is the caſe ſubordination muſt ceaſe, the mechanical arts muſt be neglected, and anarchy and confuſion reign predominant. Had the Gentleman only conſidered that a ſtate of imperfection is not incompatible with a ſtate of philoſophy, and that ignorance may reign where a nation is completely virtuous; he might have ſpared many of his animadverſions, and would not have been ſo greatly aſtoniſhed becauſe the opinions of his neighbour differed from his own: and if along with this he had perceived that in the part of my letter which he has quoted in page 446, I alluded to the millennium, he would not have diſcovered that the author of it had fairly committed himſelf.

Before I conclude this paper, I cannot help taking notice of an unfortunate obſervation made by Urbanus at the cloſe of his letter: and I take notice of it in order to ſhew how often truth is ſacrificed to ſupport a favourite opinion. "*It is very* "*obvious*," ſays he, "*that if men once* "*become completetely virtuous, divest* "*themſelves of every evil propenſity,* "*and learn the art of war no more,* "*that all thoſe obſtructions which at* "*preſent impede the progreſs of ſci-*"*ence, will be removed.*" This, I muſt confeſs, is a piece of information, which, till now, I never poſſeſſed. That *evil propenſities* and the *art of war* are the *only* cauſes that obſtruct the progreſs of philoſophy, was never known till it appeared in the Edinburgh Magazine. For among the great number of cauſes which tend to produce this effect, and which are enumerated by *Lord Bacon*

Bacon * and *Dr Hooke* †, not one of theſe is to be found; but though it were granted that theſe have ſuch a tendency, and that at ſome future period they would ceaſe to exiſt; yet a regard for antiquity, a veneration for great names, an inclination to theorize, an overweening attachment to our own opinions, and all thoſe *idols* of the mind which *Verulam* has mentioned, and to the diſcovery of which he owes much of his reputation, would ſtill continue to retard its progreſs, and now and then ſtrike out a member of that geometrical ſeries to which ſome men compare the advancement of ſcience. From the very mention of theſe cauſes it is evident that ſuch a ſtate of perfection as ſome of your correſpondents have imagined cannot take place, unleſs all the prejudices and paſſions of the human mind were eradicated, and the whole of our natures formed anew.

Your correſpondent, indeed, tells us that Lord Bacon is of the ſame opinion with himſelf, and that with him, and ſome other men, on his ſide, he is regardleſs though all the world ſhould be againſt him. This, Sir, is a piece of literary manœuvre which but ſeldom occurs. Lord Bacon never contemplated with rapture ſuch a ſtate of perfection, and never believed that ſcience advanced like the falling ſtone. Throughout the whole of his works he uniformly declares that true ſcience will always advance with a ſlow motion, and that the cauſes of its retardation are ſo numerous and ſo cloſely interwoven with our nature, that they can never be completely eradicated. I have at preſent before my eyes the works of this great man, and I find in his *Novum Organum* two aphoriſms ‡ which coincide with almoſt all thoſe doctrines which it has been the object of this and my former letter to ſupport: and if your correſpondent will be at the trouble to ſtudy the Novum Organum of Bacon, he cannot fail to retract many of thoſe opinions which have been maintained in the courſe of his letter.

Theſe, Sir, are all the obſervations which are thought neceſſary for ſupporting the opinions which I have adopted. If in them appears any virulence of language, or any want of candour, their author expects the pardon of thoſe who are connected with this diſpute. He is perfectly aware that charity is particularly neceſſary in all controverſies about ſpeculative opinions, and about thoſe myſteries of nature, which baffle the ſagacity, and the penetration of man. For if the faculties of our minds are ſo limited, that they can hardly determine with certainty concerning thoſe objects which are before our eyes; how ſhall they be able to judge with confidence about thoſe events which are concealed in the boſom of futurity, and enveloped in ſuch darkneſs as divinity alone can completely diſpel? But as this diſpute has not been carried on with that candour which might have been expected from enquirers after truth,—as my meaning has in ſome places been miſrepreſented, and opinions imputed to me which I diſclaim and deſpiſe, I do not intend to trouble you with any more remarks upon this ſubject. I ſhall read, however, with eagerneſs, the remainder of Urbanus's letter, and will be delighted with hearing him prove the perfectibility of the human mind, which no man in his ſenſes can poſſibly deny. But if he ſhall attempt to ſhew that the human mind is *infinitely* perfectible, or that it will arrive

* Novum Organum, Sect. V.

† In his General Idea of the preſent ſtate of Natural Philoſophy, publiſhed among his Poſthumous Works.

‡ See Aphoriſms 74 and 78.

arrive, in this life, at the higheſt perfection of which its nature is capable, the promiſe of ſilence which I have made ſhall be broken, and I will again ſtand forth in, what I deem, the cauſe of virtue and of truth. For I am convinced that it is the foundation of a falſe and unfeeling philoſophy, that it tends to increaſe the arrogant vanity of the human heart, and is directly oppoſite to the humble ſpirit of the religion of JESUS, which teaches us, that we are poor, and miſerable, and blind, and naked.

I am, Sir,

Your conſtant correſpondent,

SCOTO-BRITANNUS.

Tweedſide, July 10th, 1801.

FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

ON NAVIGATION AND COMMERCE.

IT does not ſeem to be agreed among hiſtorians who had the honour of firſt making a practical uſe of Navigation, an art ſo very important to this iſland in every point of view. It is known, however, that the Phenicians, Carthaginians, Egyptians, and Romans, underſtood and practiſed it; and that all of them (we may except the Romans) turned it to good account in the way of Commerce.—Although

> Rude as their ſhips was Navigation then,
> No uſeful compaſs or meridian known,
> Coaſting, they kept the land within their ken,
> And knew no north but when the Pole-ſtar ſhone. DRYDEN.

It received powerful aſſiſtance about the beginning of the 14th century, by the diſcovery of the compaſs, which, as well as ſome other improvements made about the ſame time, enabled Commerce to be carried on with more facility, and to a much greater extent. Speaking on the ſubject of Commerce, Mr Hume ſays, "The greatneſs of a ſtate, and "the happineſs of its ſubjects, how "independent ſoever they may be "ſuppoſed in ſome reſpects, are com"monly allowed to be inſeparable "with regard to Commerce."

It is almoſt needleſs then to demonſtrate, that trade is the great bulwark of this, and of every other nation. Look at our mercantile and ſea port towns, and ſee the ſplendour they have attained. Mark the ſame objects in a neighbouring country, and behold the viſible effects of its declenſion, — ruined merchants,— empty warehouſes, and diſcontented countenances. If we conſider it in another view,—as it affords a mart for the commodities of this country to the greateſt part of the world, and brings us thoſe of other nations in return, we ſee what a field of induſtry and opulence it opens to our view, wherever we caſt our eyes. If to the eaſt, we ſee the whole trade of the eaſtern world, almoſt excluſively in our poſſeſſion, and affording a fund of opulence that muſt give nerves to us while we are a nation. If to the weſt, we alſo find the greater part of that lucrative trade ours. In both, many articles produced at home find a ready market, and in return we receive commodities, which are now become neceſſary to us—at leaſt without which we would find ourſelves extremely uncomfortable. But it is not to the Eaſt and Weſt Indies our commerce is confined, there is no known port that our ſhips do not enter, and by the trade thus carried on, and the intercourſe eſtabliſhed, we become a mutual advantage to one another.

It may however be objected, that one effect of commerce has been the introduction of luxuries among us.—But what, in the ruder habits of ſociety, were accounted luxuries are, in our more refined and civilized ſtate neceſſary,

neceſſary to our exiſtence with comfort. A circumſtance, ſtrongly demonſtrative of the happy effects of Navigation, particularly to us iſlanders, muſt ſtrike every perſon upon a review of the ſtate of our country for ſome time paſt. It has moſt unfortunately happened, that our two laſt crops have not been ſufficient for our ſupport,—but our wants have been much ameliorated, and our burdens lightened, by ſending our ſhips to foreign ſhores, and encouraging foreigners to ſend theirs to us. Thank God a more enlivening proſpect is now before our eyes, and our guardian angel whiſpers us, that we ſhall again ſee plenty ſmile on our happy land.

But it is not by trade alone that Navigation has benefited mankind—it has laid open a wide and inexhauſtible field for the naturaliſt—the botaniſt—the mineralogiſt—and the philoſopher. The naturaliſt can carry his reſearches to their ſource—can trace the progreſs of nature through all her various mazes, in every country, and in every clime. The botaniſt, inſtead of the comparatively few ſhrubs and flowers this country produces, has the fair volume of nature laid open to him. The mineralogiſt, inſtead of our tin and lead mines, may deſcend into mines of gold and ſilver, he may trace the diamonds which adorn the crowns of kings, to their fountain head. The philoſopher has ample room for his genius to expand. He has the manners and cuſtoms of the world before him, and their prejudices to combat; he can become a citizen of the world.

By Navigation our ſhips have circumnavigated the globe, and enabled us to appretiate the wiſdom of Providence in its formation and economy. By it very many important diſcoveries, uſeful to mankind, have been made. As it has been the cauſe of diſcovering other nations, and of promoting an intercourſe and connection with our brethren, ſo it has been the means of forwarding civilization, and of refining the manners of ſociety. It has opened new ideas and diſcoveries, as well as new ſources of trade and riches, which have been equally beneficial to all, as Dryden expreſſes it.

Inſtructed ſhips ſhall ſail to quick commerce,
By which remoteſt nations are allied,
Which makes one city of the univerſe,
Where ſome may gain, and all may be ſupplied.

It is to Navigation that we muſt chiefly attribute the high place this kingdom holds in the ſcale of nations. Ours, as every inſular ſituation muſt be, is highly favourable to commerce in many reſpects—and our trade is flouriſhing to a degree that aſtoniſhes the world. It points out to us the means of defence in our moſt vulnerable part,—and invariably, while we have truſted to this our natural element, we have ſucceeded, and our enemies have been humbled.

By cultivating and improving the advantages Navigation has given us, we have acquired the command of the ſeas, and have been enabled to protect our widely-extended commerce; and by it our country has been immortalized by a Drake, a Rodney, a Howe, a Jervis, a Duncan, a Nelſon, and many other brave heroes, who have "made us miſtreſs "of the deep, and bore our name in "thunder round the world." *A. W.*

EXTRACTS FROM STODDART'S REMARKS ON LOCAL SCENERY AND MANNERS IN SCOTLAND. *(Continued from p. 22.)*

Staffa—Baſaltic Columns—Cave of Fingal.

THE next morning we made our firſt attempt to reach Staffa, having firſt given in our names to the landlord, to be tranſmitted to —— Mac Donald, Eſq. proprietor of that iſland. It was not unuſual for ſtrangers

gers to wait in vain, above a fortnight, for fair weather; and ſhould they land at an unfavourable time, the riſing tempeſts might detain them, on the ſolitary ſpot, without hopes of aſſiſtance. Our excurſion afforded us a proof of that reſpectful deference, with which the people here, probably from intereſted motives, conſult the inclinations of their wealthy viſitors. In the narrow Sound of Ulva, the ſea was heaved into huge, white, breaking ſurges, by a moſt violent gale, and we were driven along ſo rapidly, that had we ſtruck on any of the bold pointed rocks, by which we were ſurrounded, we muſt have been inſtantly daſhed to pieces. After a little experience of this dangerous navigation, finding that the more we advanced into the open ſea, the more tremendous it appeared, I aſked the only one of our boatmen who underſtood Engliſh, whether we could poſſibly get to Staffa? He anſwered, "aſſuredly not:" and when preſſed to know why they had taken us out on ſo fruitleſs an errand, he replied, that it was merely in compliance with our wiſh to ſet ſail.

As we rowed along the ſouthern ſhore of Ulva, our attention was ſtrongly arreſted by the ſingular rocks which form its natural rampart. They are black, rugged, and horrific; ſometimes wildly irregular, broken into caverns and chaſms; ſometimes piled into huge maſſes, like the narrow lanes of a crowded city; and ſometimes moulded into long lines of embattled columns, exhibiting a gradual approach to the regularity of Staffa. Landing near theſe tremendous cliffs, we explored their gloomy receſſes; which preſented ſcenery ſo magnificently ſavage, that we did not regret the delay which occaſioned our examination of them. The reſt of the iſland was alſo intereſting. The ſouthern and weſtern ſides conſiſt of ſmall hills, whoſe ſummits, for the moſt part, form regular ranges of baſaltic columns. The little vales, between theſe, are cultivated in ſcanty patches, and have ſcarcely any wood; but finding a ſheltered ſpot ſurrounded with a few trees, near the farm of Orſmag, we took our dinner there, in the open air. Leaving our boat ſafe moored, on the farther ſide of the iſland, we returned acroſs the mountain, from the top of which we were firſt gratified with a view of Staffa, and had a noble proſpect all around. On the eaſtern ſide of the iſland, its proprietor, —— Macdonald, Eſq. of Boyſdale, has built a houſe, which, from the bareneſs of every thing about it, has a moſt dreary look. The view this way, however, is very fine, comprehending the opening of Loch na Gall, with the bold ſhores and lofty mountains of Mull. More to the ſouth appear ſeveral ſmall iſlands, many of them ſcarcely iſlands, rocky points: amongſt them is Inch Kenneth, celebrated by a week's reſidence of Dr Johnſon, in the ſimple hut of Sir Allan Maclean. In the open ſea, are ſcattered a vaſt number of iſlands, from Icolmkill, on the ſouth-weſt, to Staffa, on the weſt, and Coll and Tiree, on the north-weſt. Among the phenomena which we obſerved in this proſpect, none was more novel and ſurpriſing to us, than the torrents, which we ſaw, at ſeven or eight miles diſtance, on the ſides of the mountains in Mull, blown upward in ſpray, by the violence of the wind, and appearing like a thick ſmoke.

In the evening we croſſed the narrow ferry, to Laggan Ulva; and the next morning, recroſſing it, returned to our boat. The weather was ſomewhat more favourable, and we being no leſs anxious to proſecute our voyage, again ſet ſail. Our courſe was expeditious; and though the day was tolerably calm, the waves of the Atlantic ran very high, affording a grand and majeſtic ſpectacle Ulva, which we had juſt quitted, is nearly three miles

miles in length, and is divided by a very narrow ſound from Gometra, another conſiderable iſland: about two miles to the weſt is Colonſa; and eight miles beyond this is Staffa.

The moſt commodious time for viſiting the iſland, is a little before low water, as it is impoſſible to land at high water, if the ſea be at all rough. We reached it at this preciſe period, and in the loweſt tide of the whole year. On our approach, it preſented a maſs of rock about half a mile in length, and of no very remarkable appearance, until we were near enough to diſcern the columns, caverns, &c. in its bare ſides, and the ſcanty verdure ſprinkled on the top. Toward the north, the rock ſeems more rude and unformed; but the ſouthern extremity is enriched with all the diverſities of a ſtrange, and ſurpriſing, natural architecture. On a very calm day, with the wind to the eaſtward, it may be worth while to row round the iſland, and enter the caves, in a boat; but if the wind is in the leaſt degree weſterly, a boat would be daſhed to pieces in making ſuch an experiment.

Landing therefore, on the eaſt, we directed our ſteps towards the ſouthern ſide; but firſt climbed a ſmall eminence, on which is built the herdſman's hut. In this ſolitary abode, remains the herdſman, with his wife and family, during half the year, to attend twenty ſmall cattle, whoſe paſture is all that the iſland produces: and in this hut, uninhabited during the other half year, muſt the unfortunate ſtormſtaid traveller take refuge, without hope of any proviſion but what he brings with him. This danger is not imaginary; for I have known perſons who have been kept ſo long in this terrible ſituation, as to be apprehenſive of famine; exiſting all the while in a ſhelter, ſcarcely better than that of the diſtracted Lear.

The ſoil, which in all parts of the iſland is very thin, is worn off in ſeveral places, and ſhows the general tendency of the rock to aſſume a columnar form, diſpoſed in different directions, perpendicular, oblique, or horizontal, as well curved as ſtraight. To deſcribe all the whimſical appearances, which it aſſumes, is impoſſible: ſome of them ſeem to be Gothic arches and doors, others vaulted roofs, others colonnades, cauſeways, &c. The moſt remarkable are the caves: all of them open to the ſea, which at the loweſt ebb waſhes their baſe, and at high water almoſt fills their interior. The firſt is the Clamſhell Cave, ſo called from the reſemblance of its upper part to that ſhell, on a large ſcale: the top is open at the entrance, and, conſiſting of columns bent like reverſed parts of an arch, has impreſſed the country people with the notion of that ſimilitude, from which its name is taken.

Immediately beyond this is a remarkable pyramidal aggregation of pillars, all of them truncated, ſhort, and pointing in different directions to the top. This heap being divided by a narrow channel from the main iſland, has been called *Buachaille*, the herdſman, a name very frequently given in the Higlands to detached rocks, or mountains, ſtanding before others, like a herdſman before his herd. This is corruptly called by many writers Boo ſha-la. As every ſtrange phenomenon, in theſe regions, is connected traditionally with the Fions; the Buachaille is ſaid to conſiſt of 8000 diſtinct ſtones, on each of which ſtood one of thoſe warriors; how they found a firm footing, or ſufficient room, i: is not eaſy to diſcover.

Turning toward the ſouth-weſt, is a cauſeway of regular truncated columns, bordered by a wall of pillars, which, inſtead of cornice, architrave, &c. have a ſtratum of irregular, and, as it were, half-formed baſalt. The general colour of the rock is a deep purpliſh

purplish black, except where it is tinged by lichens, sea-weed, &c. The texture of the pillars is fine, but their surface rather rough, resembling dried mortar; and they are mostly cracked in a direction at right angles to their elevation. They are of different forms, all regular polygons, mostly pentagonal or hexagonal, but some quadrilateral, or even trilateral. They have at times fallen down, and perhaps the whole causeway has been thus formed; but few of the entire columns are known to have fallen within living memory. In the fissures of the basalt are small veins of whitish spar, but not abundant. Every step we take here excites new admiration; and a most singular sensation is produced, by the evident confusion of natural operations, and the no less evident resemblance which they bear to those of art. It may be imagined, that the formality, which renders this scene unmanageable by the pencil, would detract much from the sublimity of the feeling produced; but it has, perhaps, a contrary effect. The greatness of the scale forcibly impresses the idea of greatness in the operating cause; and the regularity of disposition, approaching so near to human intelligence, invests that cause with a solemn mysterious character. Much as this spot is celebrated, I have never known a person, whose expectations were not more than gratified in seeing it. This rude excellence is owing probably to its perfect novelty; we have none, or very inaccurate standards, by which to form our previous judgments, and are agreeably surprised, to find them so much surpassed by the reality.

The most striking scene of the whole island, that in which nature seems to have striven with, and vanquished Art, in her own province, is the great cave fronting the south-west, called *Uaimh na Fion*, the cave of Fingal. Mr St Fond, by arbitrarily changing the word *Fion* into *Fonn*, a tune, deduces its name from a musical sound, produced here, as he says, by the sea. For my part, I heard nothing more musical in the waves, which fill the bottom of this cavern, than in those which wash any other part of the island; but the predilection of the Highlanders for their favourite chief is not ill shown, in assigning to him so magnificent a hall, which seems formed by nature for the assemblage of great and venerable characters. The entrance is an irregular arch, fifty-three feet broad, and one hundred and seventeen high; the interior is two hundred and fifty feet in length, and appears longer from its diminishing perspective. The sides, which are straight, are divided into pillars; some of those on the east, having been broken off near the base, form a passage along that side, by which, with some difficulty, I reached the very farthest end, and seated myself in a kind of natural throne, formed in the rock. It seemed that few persons had gone so far; as a great number of names were inscribed on a column not easy to pass, but very few beyond it. From this seat, the general effect of the cave appears truly magnificent, and well calculated to form the eye and the taste of a picturesque architect. The broken, irregular, basaltic roof, resembled the rich ornaments of some grand Gothic buildings; the truncated columns on the sides, those ranged seats, on which, it might be supposed, the Fingalian heroes,

In close recess, and secret conclave sat,
Frequent and full,

being lighted only from without, the gradual deepening of the gloom gives solemnity to the scene; and a beautiful singularity is added by the sea dashing below, and the island of Icolmkill, with its ruined cathedral, appearing, exactly in front, on the horizon.

The knowledge of this extraordinary spot is one of the many benefits which

which have been conferred on public taſte and ſcience by the preſent learned Preſident of the Royal Society. Sir Joſeph Banks, who viſited it in the year 1772, drew up the firſt correct and intereſting account of it, inſerted in Mr Pennant's Tour. Its parallel is no where to be found, unleſs, perhaps, in the Giant's Cauſeway, in Ireland; but it ſeems to be generally agreed by thoſe perſons who have ſeen both, that Staffa is much the more magnificent.

A Highland Chieftain.

In returning merrily to Ulva, we learnt that an old Highland chieftain, MacQuarry of MacQuarry*, reſided on the ſmall iſland of Colonſa. His fortune, indeed, was decayed; he had parted with Ulva, Staffa, and a very extenſive property, and was reduced to this little domain; but ſtill he retained the old Highland ſpirit of hoſpitality, and would have been hurt at our paſſing his ſhore without a viſit. The welcome which he gave us to his little hut, was of the warmeſt kind. Whiſky, his own recipe for long life, he recommended without limitation to his friends, and would not ſuffer us to depart without going through all the ceremonies of the parting cup.

Highland Superſtitions.

It is not ſurpriſing that a country like this ſhould be marked by ſuperſtitions; but, in general, I found that they were wearing faſt away. Every peaſant ſpoke of the belief in them, as originating in times of darkneſs, and contraſted it with the clear and accurate knowledge of the preſent day. Yet ſome part of this belief ſtill exiſts. Among the peculiar ſuperſtitions of this country is the *River Horſe*, a ſupernatural being, ſuppoſed to feed, in the ſhape of a horſe, on the banks of Loch Lochy, and, when diſturbed, to plunge into its waters. He is lord of the lake, and with his motion ſhakes the whole expanſe. His power is not always uſed for good purpoſes; he ſometimes overturns boats; ſometimes entices mares from the paſture—in ſhort, he is a complete Water-King! Akin to this, but not ſupernatural, is the *River Bull*, a harmleſs creature, who is ſuppoſed to emerge from the lake into the paſture of cows. The Highland herdſmen pretend, that they can diſtinguiſh the calves which ſpring from this union.

I know not whether theſe notions have any other than a local prevalence: but there are ſome ſuch beliefs, which are common to the whole Highlands. Theſe are traceable to different religions, the Druidical, the Scandinavian, and the Roman Catholic; and they may be illuſtrated by many proverbial expreſſions, popular tales, ſongs, and ſingular cuſtoms, connected with them. Some of them regard particular times, as Beltane, Hallow E'en, *Sheachanna na bleanagh*, or the unlucky day, New Year's day, &c. Some relate to places, ſuch as the ruins of old Catholic chapels, hills and glens dedicated to fairies, the ſtone at Stenhouſe ſacred to Odin. Some reſpect perſons real or imaginary, as thoſe poſſeſſed of the ſecond-ſight, witches warlocks, conjurors, giants, fairies, brownies, *Boachan*, or hobgoblins, kelpies or water-ſprites, mermaids, wood ladies, and wraiths. Finally, ſuch notions are attached to things, real or fictitious, to elf-ſhots, elf-knots; *Druch*, or ominous meteors; Glamour, or viſual deception, charms for love, or for diſeaſes, accidental circumſtances, and peculiar cuſtoms, at funerals, &c. &c. All theſe notions

* This is the mode of deſignating the head of a clan, anciently thus, MacQuarry of that ilk, or de eodem. It is deemed the moſt honourable of all deſignations, and, like all other Highland titles, is uſed ſimply in ſpeaking to a perſon: thus you ſay MacQuarry, or Ulva, not Mr MacQuarry.

notions may, perhaps, have their counterparts, among the lower claſſes of ſociety, in more populous and poliſhed diſtricts; but they muſt neceſſarily affect the mind moſt forcibly in theſe ſolitudes, amidſt objects of ſuch accordant ſublimity; and in return, they muſt inveſt thoſe objects with additional awe and terror.

Invergarry was one of the places believed, till very lately, to be frequented by a Brownie, an innocent little being, anſwering in every thing but ſize, to Milton's "drudging goblin," who

——"ſweat,
"To earn his cream-bowl duly ſet,
"When in one night, ere glimpſe of morn,
"His ſhadowy flail had threſh'd the corn,
"Which ten day-lab'rers could not end."

The preſence of the Brownie was believed to be fortunate. He forſook the houſe, on being ſcalded by one of the ſervants: and it was remarked, that for ſome time after his departure all the domeſtic buſineſs went wrong. So ſays the legend of Glengarry; and who will doubt it, when even the learned and reverend Olaus Wormius appeals to common experience for the exiſtence of ſimilar beings: "Qui ſe, adhuc *noſtro ſeculo*, "in effigie humana, accommodare ſolent miniſteriis hominum, nocturnis horis laborando, &c.*." Theſe ſprites he believes to be the ſouls of men, who in their lifetime had been too prone to earthly pleaſures: and he diſtinguiſhes them by the name of elves, a word, which, in Scotland, appears to be ſynonymous with fairies; but the brownie is always benevolent, the elf or fairy generally miſchievous. The elf-ſhots are ſuppoſed to kill cattle, the elf-knots to entangle the hair: and the moſt fatal of all the ſupernatural deluſions is the dance of

"Fairy elves,
"Whoſe midnight revels, by a foreſt's ſide,
"Or fountain, ſome belated peaſant ſees."

A country man in this neighbourhood is believed to have been once enſnared in this manner. Croſſing the mountains, with a keg of whiſkey, he was charmed with the fairy muſic; and induced to join in their dance. At this exerciſe he continued a whole year, which appeared to him to be only a few hours. When the ſpell ceaſed, he returned home, very pale and emaciated; but was always looked upon with ſome ſuſpicion; for it is believed, that they who have once joined the fairies, generally reſort to them again, and at laſt are enrolled in their ſociety. Upon the whole, the Scottiſh fairy is deſcribed with more terrific attributes, than are to be found in the traces of a belief in ſuch beings in England.

The Fall of Foyers.

On the left of the road, from Fort William, is a wall, beyond which is heard the roaring of waters. Entering near two rude pillars, you almoſt immediately behold the wonderful ſcene. The mountain, on whoſe declivity you are ſtanding, ſeems to have been rent aſunder. The bold rocks louring on each other, from the oppoſite ſides, form a deep jagged chaſm of ſeveral hundred feet: part of their ruins remain bare and ſhattered, as in the moment of the earthquake, which firſt ſeparated them; part are covered with heath and fern, and ſhaded by ragged woods of fir, and native birch. Through the "ſhapeleſs breach" burſts a torrent, which, confined by the narrow channel above, ſhoots in one unbroken column, white as ſnow, into a deep

* Gent. Sept. Hiſt. ed. Lugd. Bat. 1645. l. iii. c. 10.

deep caldron, formed by the black rocks below. By the vaſt height, and the large body of the water, a quantity of ſpray is created, which forms a perpetual ſhower, glittering like dew on the verdure around, caſting a tranſparent miſt over the gloomy caverned rocks, and riſing like the ſmoke of a furnace, into the air. This appearance, ſeen at a conſiderable diſtance, has occaſioned the country people to give it the picturesque name of *Eaſs na Smudh*, by which, as I before mentioned, they alſo characterize the falls above Kinloch Leven. No ſpot, however, which I have ſeen, is at all comparable to this, in the ſtrong and ſudden impreſſion which it produces. The falls of Clyde are, indeed, more beautiful, more varied, and have a larger quantity of water; but the openneſs of the view renders them much leſs ſublime. There is ſomething in the darkneſs and impriſonment of wild overhanging crags, inexpreſſibly aweful; and in this inſtance their grandeur is heightened by the kindred impulſes around, by the ceaſeleſs toil of the ſtruggling river, by the thundering ſound of a thouſand echoes, and where the jutting barriers do not exclude the view, by the mighty ſummit of Meal Fourvonny, riſing beyond the lake.

The greateſt poet of our days has attempted to deſcribe this fall in verſe; but however accurate he may have been in deſcription, he has wholly erred with reſpect to poetical effect. In Burns's lines on the Fall of Foyers, no one recogniſes that magic impulſe, which at once touches the heart, in his pathetic pieces, or ſets the table in a roar, by his effuſions of humour. In fact, mere picture is not the province of the poet. External forms are only deſerving his notice, as they may be connected with feeling, and ſerve for ſymbols in its communication. The ſentiment muſt always be pre-eminent, the picture ſecondary; and very high-wrought deſcription may be rendered ſubſervient to very exquiſite feeling: the fault lies not in deſcribing; but in merely deſcribing. Theſe obſervations apply only to the poet; becauſe we expect very different things in reading poetry and proſe: the proſe writer lays not ſo ſtrong a claim to the excitement of feeling, and may, therefore, deal much more largely in deſcription.

Inverneſs,

Itſelf, may be conſidered as the capital of the north of Scotland; it contains above five thouſand inhabitants; no town to the northward of it poſſeſſes any thing like that number, nor is any town ſouthward comparable to it in magnitude, until you reach Aberdeen. In conſequence of this, manufactures and commerce, of which we had for ſome time ſeen no traces, here preſented themſelves to us. At one extremity of the town is a conſiderable eſtabliſhment for the ſpinning, dreſſing, and weaving of hemp and flax. Many coaſting and ſome foreign veſſels frequent the harbour, which admits thoſe of 200 tons burden to its quay: thoſe of 400 or 500 can anchor within a mile of the town. Education is conducted here on an extenſive and liberal plan, by means of an academy calculated to afford initiatory knowledge to thoſe who are intended for the learned profeſſions, and to all others a complete courſe of inſtruction. Here, in fine, the legal buſineſs of the northern part of Scotland is tranſacted; and the circuit and other courts are held in the court-houſe, a convenient and handſome edifice.

For purpoſes of amuſement alſo, Inverneſs is a point of union to the nobility and gentry of the ſurrounding counties. The *Northern Meeting* attracts thoſe of Sutherland, Caithneſs, Roſs, Inverneſs, and Murray: it ſerves to keep a live a friendly intercourſe

tercourſe between families ſcattered at a vaſt diſtance, over a thinly-inhabited country: and during the week of their annual aſſemblage, theſe circumſtances ſeem to increaſe the livelineſs and good humour of the party. The traveller who has an opportunity of contemplating, and of participating the pleaſures of ſuch a meeting, may deem himſelf in no ſmall degree fortunate. There is ſomething amiable and intereſting in thoſe local attachments which generally predominate, and which, whilſt they ſtrengthen the bonds of union among the inhabitants, render them doubly hoſpitable to a caſual viſitor.

By the aid of my kind friend Captain Robinſon, and of —— Inglis, Eſq. Provoſt of Inverneſs, I ſoon examined whatever was curious in this town and neighbourhood. I viſited the harbour, the manufactory near it, and the remains of the fort built by Cromwell. It is ſaid, perhaps with ſome juſtice, that the garriſons ſent by him into Scotland not only contributed to improve the country, by introducing many articles of domeſtic accommodation, but alſo by that purity of dialect for which the inhabitants of this city have ever ſince been noticed. Engliſh is, indeed, ſpoken here with remarkable accuracy; but many of the lower claſſes alſo ſpeak Gaelic, and this language is taught in the academy; ſo that Inverneſs may be conſidered, in this reſpect, as a barrier town between the Highlands and Lowlands; beyond it, Engliſh is almoſt excluſively employed.

The town, which is built with conſiderable neatneſs, ſlopes toward the river Neſs, from an eminence, on which once ſtood the Caſtle. This was the ſuppoſed ſcene of Duncan's murder. It ſhould have been rendered ſacred by Shakſpeare's poetry; but its remains were removed, for the ſake of the ſtone, by ſome perſon who probably cared little about poetry, and felt no reſpect for the name of Shakſpeare. On the other ſide, the town is connected with a ſuburb on the weſtern bank of the Neſs, by a ſtone bridge. In one of its buttreſſes is formed a dungeon, a cruel place of puniſhment for petty offences; but this pile has been diſgraced by ſtill greater cruelty. In 1746, a number of poor wretches flying from the battle of Culloden, were taken, and conducted to this bridge, where they were beheaded, and their heads caſt into the river.

I ſhould not quit Inverneſs, without mentioning a ſingular kind of palladium, with which the fate of the town is ſuppoſed to be, in ſome way or other, connected. *Clach na Cutan* is the toaſt of proſperity in all the feſtal entertainments of Inverneſs. It ſignifies the ſtone of the water-tubs, a relic brought from the river-ſide, where it had for ages ſerved to ſupport the tubs of the waſhers, and religiouſly preſerved in the middle of the town.

The river Neſs is ſuppoſed to be impregnated with ſulphur; but this has been denied by naturaliſts: it is, however, certain, that its waters poſſeſs ſome ſtrong impregnation, which makes them uſually diſagree with ſtrangers, and that they are particularly prejudicial to horſes. To this ſuppoſed ſulphureous property, ſome perſons attribute the circumſtance that the lake never freezes, which is more probably owing to its depth. We can ſcarcely forbear ſmiling, when we hear Dr Johnſon gravely arguing on the impoſſibility, that the depth of water ſhould prevent its freezing; a ſubject on which his profound ignorance ſhould at leaſt have ſuggeſted to him the propriety of heſitation. The word Neſs has been ſuppoſed to be taken from an adjacent *Neſs*, or promontory: I ſhould rather conceive that it was firſt applied to the lake, which probably was called, from the celebrated fall of Foyers, *Loch-*

Loch-aneaſs, the lake of the waterfall.

Calder Caſtle.

At Calder Caſtle we again find ſome of thoſe wild but confined ſcenes, which the hollows of a river or ſtreamlet often afford. The caſtle, from which the preſent Lord Cawdor takes his title, was built in 1454, and came into the poſſeſſion of his Lordſhip's family, by marriage, in 1510. Its antiquities are matter of the more intereſt, as being connected with the immortal poetry of Shakſpeare. Calder, a name common to ſtreams in Scotland *. Its uſual pronunciation is Cawdor; and hence that name is given by Shakſpeare to one of the Thanes ſacrificed to the riſing greatneſs of Macbeth. In fact, hiſtory informs us, that this uſurper cut off the Thane of Nairn, by whom is undoubtedly meant the Thane of Calder, he being heritable ſheriff and conſtable of Nairn. The office of Thane implied juriſdiction, and was derived from the Teutonic *dienen*, to ſerve; it was ſucceeded by the title of Earl (from the Teutonic *ehre* and *all*,) firſt introduced by King Malcolm Canmore. The laſt Thane of Calder was William, who in 1476 had his thanedom erected into a free barony.

Enough of curious and intereſting is to be ſeen both within and without doors. The apartments are admirably ſuited to the wildneſs of the ſituation; the ſtone ſtaircaſes, the large cold hall, the iron-grated doors, the aged tapeſtry, the pictures ſhaking in their frames, the

"Long windows that exclude the light,
"And paſſages that lead to nothing:"

All theſe render Calder Caſtle a dangerous abode for perſons poſſeſſed of weak nerves and ſtrong imaginations. Add to this, that it contains ſome pieces of antiquity no leſs myſterious than venerable. In the loweſt part of the building, the trunk of an hawthorn-tree, firm and ſound, grows out of the ſolid rock, and ſeems to ſupport the roof of the vault. The founder, it is ſaid, was admoniſhed in a dream to build his caſtle on one of three hawthorn-trees which grew near together; he choſe this, and its decay, it is believed, would be a moſt fatal omen, both to the building and to its proprietors. A ſtill more valuable relic is preſerved in an upper room of the tower—the very bed in which Macbeth murdered the virtuous Duncan! It was brought hither on the deſtruction of Macbeth's caſtle at Inverneſs, and is a ſquare fabric of wood not inelegantly carved. A criticiſing antiquary might, perhaps, doubt whether it was of ſo early manufacture as the eleventh century, or, if he ſhould ſwallow the pious fraud, it would be becauſe, like Juvenal's turbot, "*Ipſe capi voluit*," he wiſhed to be taken in.

The external appearance of the caſtle correſponds with theſe its internal wonders. It is built on a free-ſtone rock, waſhed by the Calder on the weſt; and on the other ſides is a dry ditch, with a drawbridge, which is ſtill occaſionally raiſed and let down. The tower is the moſt ancient remaining part. Within the court is a ruinous chapel, probably of equal date; but the habitable apartments are much more modern. The ſheltered ſituation of the building precludes any good diſtant view of it; but abundance of wild ſcenery is to be found by tracing upward the Calder burn, which flows, to join the Nairn, from among high rocks and woody banks. One ſingular crag is called Philip's Caſtle; and on another is built a moſſy hermitage, which, when I ſaw it, had a moſt whimſical effect, the whole fabric being thrown, by the force of the wind, into an oblique poſition, and leaning far over its baſe. The hills around are

* *Caoil*, a wood; *dur*, water.

are the haunt of the red deer and roe; and at one or two delightful ſpots, are placed rude ſeats commanding views of the tower, backed by the diſtant ſea, beyond which is ſeen the opening of the Cromarty Firth.

EXTRACTS FROM IRVING'S LIVES OF SCOTTISH AUTHORS *.

Extracts from the Life of Robert Fergusson.

ROBERT FERGUSSON was born at Edinburgh on the 5th of September 1750. His father, William Fergusſon, who in his youth had diſcovered ſome propenſity to the ſtudy of poetry, maintained a reſpectable character in the humble ſtation in which he found himſelf placed. He ſerved an apprenticeſhip to a tradeſman in Aberdeen, and about the year 1746 came to Edinburgh, in order to ſolicit employment. Having been engaged as a clerk by ſeveral different maſters, and theſe too of various occupations, he at length procured the office of an accountant in the Britiſh Linen Hall, in which he continued till the time of his death.

Young Fergusſon was of a conſtitution ſo extremely delicate, that he was incapable of attending the ſchool till after he had reached the ſixth year of his age. He was then ſent to a Mr Philps, who at that time reſided in Blackfriars Wynd; and under his tuition was qualified for attending the high ſchool in the ſpace of little more than ſix months. While he continued at this excellent ſeminary, the infirm ſtate of his health prevented him from giving the proper attendance: yet by means of his ſuperior capacity, aided by a generous ſpirit of emulation, he excelled moſt of his companions. It was during theſe intervals, in which the delicacy of his frame confined him at home, that he firſt diſcovered a reliſh for books. He gratified his taſte by the eager peruſal of ſuch works as chance threw in his way: and his interrogations concerning any ſubject which attracted his attention, often puzzled thoſe much older than himſelf.

During his reſidence at St Andrews, Fergusſon began to turn his attention to the ſtudy of poetry, and wrote ſeveral copies of verſes, which attracted the particular notice of the profeſſors, as well as that of his fellow-ſtudents. Here he alſo formed the plan of a tragedy on the ſtory of Sir William Wallace; of which, when he had finiſhed the two firſt acts, he relinquiſhed the deſign; becauſe, as we are told, he had ſeen another dramatic poem on the ſame ſubject, and was apprehenſive leſt his ſhould be regarded as a mere copy. This ſeems a very inadequate reaſon: authors who write on the ſame ſubject are not under the neceſſity of ſtealing from each other.

Whether any particular æra of the life of this renowned warrior may afford matter for a regular tragedy, appears ſomewhat doubtful. His life was glorious and eventful; but it preſents few dramatic incidents, which could be rendered intereſting by any writer whoſe genius does not bear a reſemblance to that of Shakeſpear.

Though he was never very remarkable for his application to ſtudy, yet he performed, with a ſufficient ſhare of applauſe, the various exerciſes which the rules of his college preſcribed. The calm and even tenour, however, of an academic life was but ill calculated to afford him much ſatisfaction or enjoyment. His natural propenſity to mirth and gaiety often cauſed him to relax in his exertions. He bore a principal part in a thouſand youthful frolics, many of which are ſtill remembered at St Andrews.

What amuſed himſelf tended to diſturb the quiet of others. His miſ-

* Publiſhed by AR. CONSTABLE, *Edinburgh*.

miſdemeanors were either ſo frequent, or of ſuch a kind, that, after a reſidence of four years, he expoſed himſelf to the diſgrace of a formal expulſion from the univerſity. The eloquence of Dr Wilkie was powerfully exerted in his behalf, but without producing the deſired effect: the other members of the *Senatus Academicus* were by no means diſpoſed to liſten to his arguments; and the imprudent youth was accordingly diſmiſſed*.

About two years before his return from college, his father died, leaving his family in a ſtate of poverty and dejection. He now found himſelf without any preſent employment, and without any fixed reſolution concerning his future purſuits; a ſituation dangerous beyond all others to a young man of a fervid imagination.

Some of his friends adviſed him to devote himſelf to the ſtudy of medicine; but he declined following this advice, becauſe, according to his own account, he fancied himſelf afflicted with every diſeaſe of which he read the deſcription. A ſimilar anecdote is related of John Bois, one of the tranſlators of the Bible in the reign of King James VI.

He had a maternal uncle living near Aberdeen, a Mr John Forbes, who was in pretty affluent circumſtances. To him he paid a viſit, in hopes of procuring ſome ſuitable employment through his influence. Mr Forbes at firſt treated him with civility; but, inſtead of exerting himſelf to promote his intereſt, ſuffered him to remain ſix months in his houſe, and afterwards diſmiſſed him in a manner which reflects very little honour on his memory. His clothes were beginning to aſſume a threadbare appearance; and on this account he was deemed an improper gueſt for his uncle's houſe. Filled with indignation at the unworthy treatment which he had received, he retired to a little ſolitary inn that ſtood at a ſmall diſtance, and having procured pen, ink, and paper, wrote a letter to his unfeeling relation, couched in terms of manly reſentment. After his departure, Mr Forbes ſeems to have relented: he diſpatched a meſſenger to him with a few ſhillings to bear his expences on the road. This paltry preſent the lowneſs of his funds compelled him to accept. He ſet out for Edinburgh on foot, and with much difficulty reached his mother's houſe. The fatigues of the journey, added to the depreſſion of his mind, produced ſuch an effect upon his delicate conſtitution, that for ſeveral days he was afflicted with a ſevere illneſs. When he began to recover ſtrength, he endeavoured to conſole his grief by compoſing a poem on the *Decay of Friendſhip*, and another *Againſt Repining at Fortune*.

In 1774, his friends prevailed upon him to compoſe an elegiac poem on the death of Mr Cunningham, who as a paſtoral poet has obtained conſiderable celebrity. It was publiſhed for the benefit of the unfortunate author, who was then verging towards that ſtate of infanity in which he at length cloſed his miſerable exiſtence†. As he was then incapable of ſuperintending the preſs, ſome of his friends kindly undertook that office.

This was the laſt of his productions. His body being now emaciated with diſeaſe, and his mind totally unhinged, his relations began to obſerve in his behaviour ſomething of an infantine caſt; he talked in an incoherent manner, and frequently manifeſted an entire vacillation of thought.

Of perſons in his condition ſome leading object generally engroſſes the attention,

* Fergusſon, on account of ſome breach of Academical rules, was formally expelled from the univerſity of St Andrews; but in the ſpace of a few days he was again admitted to all the privileges which he had formerly enjoyed.

† Anderſon's Life of Cunningham.

attention, to the almoſt total excluſion of every other: the power of judgment is ſuperſeded, and that of imagination uſurps its place. Religion preſented itſelf to Ferguſſon; and this he made the conſtant theme of his diſcourſe. Between this caſe and that of Collins, as well as of Smart, a very evident diſtinction obtains. He was approaching towards the laſt ſtage of mania; whereas they were only viſited with "that depreſ-"ſion of mind which enchains the "faculties, without deſtroying them, "and leaves reaſon the knowledge of "right, without the power of purſu-"ing it."

He died on the 16th of October 1774, after having continued about two months in Bedlam. Such was the life, and ſuch the lamentable death of Robert Ferguſſon, a youth whom nature had rendered capable of nobler exertions; a youth whoſe misfortunes cannot fail to command our pity, though his miſconduct may expoſe him to our cenſure.

His reputation reſts almoſts ſolely upon the merit of his Scottiſh compoſitions. He is to be ranked, not with Pennecuik, and other writers of the ſame claſs, but with Ramſay, Roſs, Burns, and Macneill. Though his mind was leſs comprehenſive than that of Burns, and though he is in ſome meaſure a ſtranger to the delicacy and ſenſibility which characterize the beautiful productions of Macneill, yet in all the eſſential qualities which conſtitute a poet, he is equal if not ſuperior to Ramſay and Roſs.

The popularity of his Scottiſh poems is a ſtrong proof of their intrinſic merit. In that part of the iſland where their beauties can be properly underſtood and reliſhed, few productions of a ſimilar deſcription have been ſo univerſally admired. They are read by people of every denomination; and their native charms are ſuch, that they cannot be read without delight. They exhibit a ſprightfulneſs of thought and facility of expreſſion which has ſeldom or never been ſurpaſſed. The verſification is ſo eaſy and natural, that it ſeems to flow ſpontaneouſly, and without any kind of effort in the poet. It is always ſmooth, and on ſome occaſions highly melodious. In *Hame Content*, in particular, the cadence of the verſe cannot fail to delight the ear. Though his ſubjects are frequently trivial, yet he never becomes flat or inſipid: every thing that occurs is lively and entertaining. To thoſe who affirm that his ſentiments are ſeldom natural, the term *nature* certainly cannot be ſuppoſed to convey the ſame ſignification as it does to the reſt of mankind. If nature preſide not here, where ſhall ſhe be found?"

In the Scottiſh pieces of Ferguſſon, the dialect peculiar to the inhabitants of Edinburgh and its immediate environs chiefly prevails. His phraſeology differs from that of Ramſay, who intermingles the idiom of the metropolis and of his native province.

Of his ſerious compoſitions ſeveral poſſeſs diſtinguiſhed merit. The odes, addreſſed to the bee, and to the *gowd-ſpink*, are no contemptible ſpecimens of Scotiſh lyric poetry. They contain a due mixture of picturesque deſcription and well-turned moral reflection; and the verſification often poſſeſſes much ſuavity.

Extracts from the Life of Falconer.

William Falconer was born at Edinburgh, about the year 1735. His father, after having for many years followed the occupation of a barber and wig-maker in the Netherbow, was unfortunately reduced to a ſtate of inſolvency. The contributions of his friends afterwards enabled him to open a grocer's ſhop: but he was either a man of mean capacity or of an indolent diſpoſition; for upon his being deprived, by the death

death of his wife, of a prudent and active coadjutor, his affairs were again deranged. The greater part of his life ſeems to have been ſpent in extreme indigence.

His ſon was educated at the private ſchool of Mr Webſter, a teacher of little reputation The period of his attendance and the extent of his progreſs cannot now be aſcertained; but from the poverty of his parents, we may ſafely conclude, that he was ſoon releaſed from the reſtraint of ſcholaſtic diſcipline.

At an early period of life, the misfortunes of his family compelled him to abandon his native country, and to enter himſelf as a ſailor in the royal navy. While he continued in this ſtation he is ſaid to have attracted the notice of Mr Campbell, the author of *Lexiphanes*, who was purſer of the ſhip to which he belonged. It is farther ſtated, that Campbell entertained him as his ſervant, and delighted in communicating to him what knowledge he himſelf poſſeſſed *.

The profeſſion which powerful neceſſity had led him to embrace, was by no means congenial to his temper of mind. Of his own ſevere deſtiny he ſpeaks in a very intereſting manner:

"While yet the ſtripling, oft with fond alarms
"His boſom danc'd to Nature's boundleſs charms;
"On him fair Science dawn'd in happier hour,
"Awakening into bloom, young Fancy's flower;
"But frowning Fortune, with untimely blaſt,
"The bloſſom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercaſt.
"Forlorn of heart, and by ſevere decree.
"Condemn'd reluctant to the faithleſs ſea,
"With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
"Where Science and the tuneful ſiſters rove."

Though this boiſterous profeſſion may in too many inſtances tend to blunt the ſofter feelings of humanity, yet it cannot be ſuppoſed to effect a complete aſſimilation of character in thoſe by whom it is exerciſed. The poetical mind of Falconer, it is to be preſumed, was untainted by the ſurrounding contagion. The conſtancy of intellectual exertion might preſerve his faculties in a ſtate of uninterrupted ſalubrity; as the ſea is prevented, by its perpetual motion, from falling into putreſcency and ſtagnation.

Upon reviſiting Edinburgh in the year 1751, he publiſhed a poem "Sacred to the Memory of his Roy-" al Highneſs Frederick Prince of "Wales."

In the eighteenth year of his age we find him wandering about the port of Alexandria. Here he was engaged as ſecond mate of the Britannia, a merchantman, bound for Venice. While they proceeded on their voyage, a dreadful ſtorm aroſe; and at length the veſſel ſtruck upou a rock near Cape Colonna on the coaſt of Greece. Of the ſhip's company, Falconer and other two were the only individuals

* Currie's Burns, vol. ii. p. 289.—Dr Currie received this information from a ſurgeon of a man of war, who was perſonally acquainted with both Falconer and Campbell. It muſt not, however, be implicitly received. What the ſame gentleman communicated reſpecting Falconer's birth, and the place of his nativity, is altogether erroneous. This palpable inaccuracy will incline us to view the whole account with a ſuſpicious eye. Yet Dr Currie is by no means to be charged with precipitate credulity: the ſurgeon, whoſe authority he quotes, undoubtedly related the anecdotes in a manner which left no room to ſuſpect the authenticity of his information.

individuals who had the good fortune to reach the ſhore.

This melancholy event forms the ſubject of his celebrated poem entitled "The Shipwreck;" which was publiſhed in 1762, and dedicated to Edward Duke of York, one of the brothers of his preſent Majeſty.

The hands which had been employed in adjuſting the braces of a ſhip, were not found unſkilful in the management of the golden plectrum. His native genius roſe ſuperior to the untoward circumſtances incident to his ſtation; and the poem was immediately regarded as a production of ſingular merit. Such an unprecedented union of poetical ingenuity with nautical ſcience, could not poſſibly meet with a cold reception.

In 1769, he publiſhed the "Marine Dictionary," a work of the utmoſt utility to the ſtudents of naval tactics. His chequered life was now advancing towards a cloſe. In the courſe of the ſame year, the reſtleſs ſpirit of adventure impelled him to embark on board the Aurora, with a view of ſettling in the Eaſt Indies. She arrived at the Cape of Good Hope in the month of December, and, after a ſhort interval, again proceeded on her voyage, but never reached the deſired port. The veſſel, together with its ill-fated crew, is ſuppoſed to have periſhed by fire or ſtorm.

ON THE YEOMANRY OF THE LAST AND PRESENT GENERATION.

IT is hard in theſe days to exactly define what a yeoman or farmer really is.

By the appellation of farmer, we formerly underſtood a plain, induſtrious, frugal, honeſt man, who either cultivated a farm of his own or rented one of a gentleman. If he held a large one, he was generally called a topping-farmer, or a gentleman-farmer; and if his bargain was ſmall, he was termed a little farmer; but the race of little farmers is now become nearly extinct, and moſt of the few ſurviving ones are degraded to the condition of pariſh paupers. Whether theſe good old-faſhioned yeomen occupied a conſiderable or an inconſiderable quantity of land, they veſted all their capital in farming-ſtock, and they and their families dedicated the greater part of their thoughts and time to farming buſineſs. Theſe worthy people *pitched* in the markets corn, cattle, pigs, bacon, butter, cheeſe, poultry, and eggs; and, after they had diſpoſed of their commodities at *fair* prices, returned home with ſatisfied minds to their afternoon employments. They confined themſelves ſolely to this line; and, by not connecting any other with it, they hindered not their neighbours from gaining livelihoods, by other modes. They were not greedy of holding more land than would enable them to live, to rear their children, and to enjoy eaſe in old age. Their houſes were nurſeries and ſchools for induſtrious huſbandmen, notable houſewifes, good ſervants, and quiet ſubjects. It is true that, by every exertion that ſhrewdneſs or obſtinacy could deviſe, they would endeavour to get their farms and tythes at as low rents and compoſitions as they could; yet, at the ſame time, they reſpected their landlords and liſtened to their rectors, and took an innocent pride in making them preſents for their tables. Upon the whole, the yeomanry of the laſt generation formed one of the moſt reſpectable and uſeful claſſes in the kingdom; obtaining by their induſtry independence to themſelves, and contributing conſiderably to the welfare of the community and realm.

A truer character of the men who are denominated yeomen in the preſent

ſent day cannot be given than by that character drawn by Juvenal (Sat. III. Stapleton's edit. and Notes) of Alturius and Catullus, "two perſons, who from low beginnings had raiſed themſelves to great eſtates and offices; and who made uſe of their wealth and authority to engroſs all good bargains, and monopolize all beneficial places and employments;

"Men who turn black to white, that can with eaſe
Farm holy earth, our rivers, and our ſeas."

By land-owners moſt injudiciouſly ſlinging ſmall farms together, there are now hardly any but very large ones exiſting, and thoſe are occupied by men who conſolidate different buſineſſes with farming, to the great injury of ſociety in ſeveral reſpects *. Quantities of land, and a variety of callings, that ſhould provide bread for innumerable individuals, are now engroſſed by a few perſons, who are making exorbitant fortunes with very little trouble. Theſe men are not only farmers but graziers, corn-factors, mealmen, millers, maltſters, brewers, and horſe-dealers. Some have contracts with Government, ſome act as brokers in the corn and cattle trade, and ſome are partners in the country banks. They play the cards into one another's hands, and by their combinations regulate the markets according to their private intereſts. Much of their buſineſs is tranſacted by clerks and clerks' deputies (all of whoſe ſalaries come from out of the pockets of the conſumers of the commodities;) but they condeſcend to attend markets with a few *ſamples* of corn, and, at the ſame time, gratify their pride by riding thither on fine horſes, and ordering dinners of fiſh, fowl, and fleſh, not forgetting port and ſherry. The ſons of theſe *gentlemen* generally belong to ſome of the numerous corps of volunteers and embodied yeomanry; and theſe daſhing bucks we ſee flouriſhing their broadſwords, and exhibiting their neatly-buſkined poſteriors to the admiration of the miſſes their ſiſters, or neighbours, who diſplay in their turns all the attractive graces of Grecian geſticulation and nudity. Inſtead of diſhing butter, feeding poultry, or curing bacon, the avocations of theſe young *ladies* at home are, ſtudying dreſs, attitudes, novels, French, and muſic, whilſt the fine ladies their mothers ſit lounging in parlours adorned with the fiddle-faddle fancy-works of their faſhionable daughters. With as much rapidity as poſt-horſes can convey them, faſhions fly from London to the country towns, and from the country-towns to the remoteſt villages; inſomuch, that the *exhibitions* of girls in the country vie with thoſe in the capitol. As the females of each claſs imitate thoſe belonging to the claſs above

* It is not poſſible for us to doubt, that the monopolizing ſpirit of the farmers lays the foundation of thoſe miſeries which another ſet of men, not leſs criminal, foment into diſaffection, as if not individuals, but Government itſelf were to blame. A *pretended ſcarcity* has given the mercenary monopolizer full ſcope for the exerciſe of his avarice; the effects are *too well known*. If the *ſcarcity* were not *artificial*, whence, we would aſk, does it ariſe, that the neceſſaries of life are abundantly purchaſeable to all who can bring money to market? Incloſures near great towns are the ſureſt means of cutting off ſupplies; for while waſtes were open and ſmall farms exiſted, it was in the power of the peaſantry to raiſe a ſupply of various articles of proviſion, which the wealthy monopoliſt cares not about: but while he enjoys the luxuries his purſe can purchaſe, his labourer and cottager have neither meat, drink, nor lodging. The luxurious ſpirit of a few individuals ſanctions thoſe encroachments on the happineſs of the community; and while it converts arable and paſture into ſtreets and ſquares, cares not who feels the want of fields in their original productive ſtate.

above them, ſo thoſe below the farmers daughters muſt have their white dreſſes as well as them, even if they appropriate to the purpoſe the cloth that ſhould make them ſhifts; and the form of theſe dreſſes they alter as new modes ariſe, ſo long as the warp and the woof will hold any connexion with each other. We ſee not now the farmer's wives and daughters jogging to the towns in little carts for the purpoſe of ſelling the productions of their cartons and dairies; but we ſee them rattling in their ſpruce gigs to the milliners and perfumers, in order to laviſh in fripperies part of the enormous gains extorted by their fathers and huſbands from the groaning public. In ſhort, the characteriſtics of the modern yeomanry are pride and greedineſs; and whilſt by their arts, combinations, and extortions, they are diſtreſſing their ſuperiors, and ſtarving their inferiors, they behave towards the former with upſtart impertinence, and towards the latter with unfeeling tyranny.

EXTRACTS FROM ELLIS'S SPECIMENS OF THE EARLY ENGLISH POETS.

Concluded from our laſt, p. 16.

Reign of Edward VI.—A Drinking Song.

THE poetical annals of this reign are almoſt entirely filled with metrical tranſlations, from various parts of the Holy Scriptures. Wyatt and Surrey had tranſlated ſome of the Pſalms; but Sternhold, an enthuſiaſt in the cauſe of the reformation, taking offence at the indecent ballads which were current among the courtiers, and hoping to ſubſtitute a ſet of more holy ſubjects, undertook a tranſlation of the Pſalter. A ſimilar attempt had been made in France by Clement Marot; and, ſtrange to ſay, had been made with ſucceſs: and though Sternhold did not poſſeſs the talents of Marot, his induſtry has been rewarded by ſtill more permanent popularity. It is rather whimſical that the firſt verſions of the Pſalms were made, in both countries by laymen and court poets; and they tranſlated nearly an equal number: Marot fifty, and Sternhold fifty-one. Sternhold died in 1549; and his Pſalms were printed in the ſame year, by Edward Whitchurch.

John Hopkins, a clergyman and ſchoolmaſter in Suffolk, rather a better poet than Sternhold, added fifty-eight Pſalms to the liſt. Of the other contributors, the chief, in point of rank and learning, was William Whyttingham, dean of Durham, whoſe tranſlations are marked with the initials of his name. Thomas Norton, a barriſter, and native of Sharpenhoe, in Bedfordſhire, who aſſiſted Sackville in compoſing the tragedy of Gorboduc, wrote twenty-ſeven. The entire collection was at length publiſhed, by John Day, in 1562.

It certainly is not eaſy to diſcover the grand features of Hebrew poetry, through the muddy medium of this tranſlation; but it is a curious repertory, and highly characteriſtic of the time in which it was written. Metre was the univerſal vehicle of devotion. Our poets were inſpired with a real and fervent enthuſiaſm; and though the tameneſs and inſipidity of the language in which they vented this inſpiration, may ſurpriſe and diſguſt a modern reader, it was probably once thought to derive grandeur and ſanctity from its ſubject.

The moſt notable verſifiers of this reign were, John Hall, who publiſhed "Certaine Chapters out of the "Proverbs of Solomon, and tranſlated into Engliſh Metre;" William Hunnis,

Hunnis, a gentleman of the chapel, under Edward VI. afterwards chapel-maſter to Queen Elizabeth, and a moſt tedious contributor to the *Paradiſe of dainty Devices*; Archbiſhop Parker, and Robert Crowley, a preacher and printer in Holborn; each of whom undertook a verſion of the Pſalter; William Baldwin and Francis Seagur, both publiſhers of devotional poems; and Chriſtopher Tye, doctor of muſic at Cambridge, 1545, and muſical profeſſor to Prince Edward, and probably to the Princeſſes Mary and Elizabeth, who tranſlated and ſet to muſic the Acts of the Apoſtles.

Of ſuch a period, it is not extraordinary that few ſpecimens ſhould be worth preſerving, but it is rather ſingular that the beſt of theſe ſhould be a drinking ſong. It is extracted from a play called Gammer Gurton's Needle, firſt printed in 1551.

Drinking Song.

I cannot eat but little meat.
My ſtomach is not good;
But ſure, I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood,
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a cold,
I ſtuff my ſkin ſo full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and ſide go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God ſend thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roaſt but a nut-brown toaſt,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread ſhall do my ſtead,
Much bread I nought deſire.
No froſt, no ſnow, no wind I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am ſo wrapp'd, and thoroughly lapp'd,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and ſide, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to ſeek,
Full oft drinks ſhe, till ye may ſee
The tears run down her cheek;
Then doth ſhe troul to me the bowl,
Even as a malkworm ſhould,
And ſaith, "Sweetheart, I took my part
"Of this jolly good ale and old."
Back and ſide, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows ſhould do;
They ſhall not miſs to have the bliſs
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor ſouls that have ſcoured bowls,
Or have them luſtily troul'd,
God ſave the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.
Back and ſide, &c.

Reign of Elizabeth.

The poetical hiſtory of this important reign, which occupies near a century in our annals, could not eaſily be compriſed in a moderate volume. Epic and didactic poems, ſatires, plays, maſkes, tranſlations from the Greek, Latin, and all the modern languages, hiſtorical legends, devotional poems, paſtoral ſonnets, madrigals, acroſtics, and humorous and romantic ballads, were produced during this period, with a profuſion which, perhaps, has never ſince been equalled. No leſs than ſeventy-four poets are aſſigned to the reign of Elizabeth in the new edition of the "Theatrum Poetarum," and the catalogue might certainly be much farther extended.

It is true, that, of theſe claimants to immortality, the far greater number have been very generally conſigned to oblivion; a few, ſuch as Drayton, Fairfax, Warner, Sir John Harrington, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, &c. continue to be cited, in deference to their ancient reputation; but Shakeſpear, Jonſon, Fletcher, Spenſer, and Sir John Davis, are ſtill confeſſed to be unrivalled in their ſeveral ſtyles of compoſition, although near two centuries have elapſed, during which the progreſs of literature and the improvement of our language have been conſtant and uninterrupted.

The

The literary ſplendour of this reign may be juſtly attributed to the effects of the Reformation. "When "the corruptions and impoſtures of "Popery were aboliſhed," ſays Mr Warton, "the laity, who had now "been taught to aſſert their natural "privileges, became impatient of the "old monopoly of knowledge, and "demanded admiſſion to the uſurpa-"tions of the clergy. The general "curioſity for new diſcoveries, height-"ened either by juſt or imaginary "ideas of the treaſures contained in "the Greek and Roman writers, ex-"cited all perſons of leiſure and for-"tune to ſtudy the claſſics. The "pedantry of the preſent age was "the politeneſs of the laſt."

Of this pedantry he adduces a curious inſtance in the occupations of Queen Elizabeth, whoſe marvellous progreſs in the Greek nouns, is recorded with rapture by her preceptor Roger Aſcham; and he might have found many ſimilar examples in Anne Bullen, and other diſtinguiſhed characters. But theſe efforts of patience and indnſtry in the great, were perhaps neceſſary to encourage and preſerve the general emulation of the learned. In a ſhort time, all the treaſures of Greek, Latin, and Italian literature were laid open to the public, through the medium of tranſlation. The former ſupply'd our poetry with an inexhauſtible fund of new and beautiful alluſions; the latter afforded numberleſs ſtories taken from common life, in which variety of incident and ingenuity of contrivance were happily united. The genius which was deſtined to combine this maſs of materials, could not fail to be called forth by the patronage of the court, by the incentive of general applauſe, and by the hopes of raiſing the literary glory of our nation to a level with that which was the reſult of its political and military triumphs.

It muſt alſo be remembered, that the Engliſh language was, at this time, much more copious, and conſequently better adapted to poetry, than at any prior or ſubſequent period. Our vocabulary was enriched, during the firſt half of the ſixteenth century, by almoſt daily adoptions from the learned languages; and though they were often admitted without neceſſity, and only in conſequence of a blind veneration for the dignity of polyſyllables, they muſt have added ſomething to the expreſſion, as well as to the harmony and variety of our language. Theſe exotics, however, did not occaſion the expulſion of the natives. Our vulgar tongue having become the vehicle of religion, was regarded, not only with national partiality; but with pious reverence. Chaucer, who was ſuppoſed to have greatly aſſiſted the doctrines of his contemporary, Wickliffe, by ridiculing the abſurdities, and expoſing the impoſtures of the monks, was not only reſpected as the father of Engliſh poetry but revered as a champion of reformation; and a familiar knowledge of his phraſeology was conſidered, at leaſt in the reign of Edward VI. as eſſential to the politeneſs of a courtier. "I know them," ſays Wilſon, in his Rhetorick, "that "think rhetorick to ſtand wholly "upon dark words: and he that can "catch an *inkhorn term* by the tail, "him they count to be a fine Eng-"liſhman and a good rhetorician. "He that cometh lately out of France "will talk French-Engliſh, and never "bluſh at the matter. Another "chops in with Engliſh Italianated. "*The fine courtier will talk nothing* "*but Chaucer.*" This, by the way, may ſerve to explain the cauſe of Spenſer's predilection for a phraſeology, which, though antiquated, was not either obſolete or unfaſhionable.

The whole *world of words*, therefore, (to borrow an expreſſion of one of our gloſſariſts,) was open to Shakeſpeare and his contemporaries, and the

the mode of employing its treaſures was left very much to their diſcretion. Criticiſm was in its infancy; this was the age of adventure and experiment, undertaken for the inſtruction of poſterity. Mr Warton thinks he ſees in the writers of this reign "a "certain dignified inattention to "niceties," and to this he attributes the "flowing modulation which now "marked the meaſures of our poets:" but there ſeems to be neither dignity nor inattention in deviating from rules which had never been laid down; and the modulation, which he aſcribes to this cauſe, is not leſs likely to have reſulted from the muſical ſtudies, which at this time formed a part of general education. The lyrical compoſitions of this time are ſo far from being uſually marked with a faulty negligence, that exceſs of ornament, and laboured affectation, are their characteriſtic blemiſhes. Such as are free from conceit and antitheſis, are, in general, exquiſitely poliſhed, and may ſafely be compared with the moſt elegant and finiſhed ſpecimens of modern poetry."

Reign of James I.

It has been remarked by Biſhop Percy, that almoſt all the poetry which was compoſed during the early part of the preceding reign, was remarkable for the facility and muſical flow of its verſification; whereas the compoſitions of Donne, Jonſon, and many of their contemporaries, are, in general, unuſually harſh and diſcordant.

Indeed our literature could not fail of reflecting, in ſome degree, the manners of the court. Our maiden queen, unable to ſubmit, without ſome degree of peeviſhneſs and regret, to the ravages made in her charms by the attacks of age and infirmity, ſpread uneaſineſs and conſtraint all around her; and the playful gallantry inſeparable from a female court, was gradually ſucceeded by a more cold and gloomy ſyſtem of manners. Poetry, which had long been buſied with the loves and graces, was now occupied with the abſtruſe reſearches of ſcience; and fancy ſeemed to be cruſhed and overlaid by the weight of learning.

The acceſſion of James I. who brought to the throne the accompliſhments and diſpoſitions of a pedagogue, contributed to the growth of pedantry and affectation; and at the ſame time the ſullen ſpirit of puritaniſm, which began to be widely diffuſed, concurred in vitiating the national taſte. The theatres alone ſeem to have been the refuge of genius; indeed no period of our hiſtory has produced ſo many models of dramatic excellence: but the wretched ſpirit of criticiſm which prevailed in the cloſet, is evinced by the multiplied editions of Donne Herbert, and ſimilar verſifiers; by the general preference of Jonſon to Shakeſpeare; and by the numberleſs volumes of patchwork and ſhreds of quotations, which form the proſe compoſitions of this age.

It is remarkable, that the ſeries of Scottiſh poets terminates abruptly in this reign; and that no name of eminence occurs between thoſe of Drummond and Thomſon. Indeed it is not extraordinary, that the period which intervened between the union of the two crowns and that of the countries, ſhould have proved highly unpropitious to Scottiſh literature. Scotland becoming an appendage to the ſiſter kingdom, was ſubjected, as Ireland has ſince been, to the worſt of all governments, being abandoned to the conflict of rival families, who were alternately ſupported by the Engliſh adminiſtration; ſo that it exhibited a ſpecies of anarchy under the auſpices of a legitimate ſovereign.

James I. was himſelf a poet, and ſpecimens of his talent, ſuch as it was, are to be found in many of our miſcellanies. He alſo wrote ſome rules and

and *cauteles*, for the uſe of profeſſors of the art, which have been long, and perhaps deſervedly, diſregarded.

ACCOUNT OF THE LATE ROBERT ORME, ESQ.

AMONG thoſe who have deſerved weil of their country, it would be unjuſt if we omitted to enrol the name of the late Mr Orme; a man whoſe labours for the illuſtration of Indian Hiſtory, whether we conſider his fidelity and perſpicuity, or the claſſic elegance and animation of his ſtyle, will ever rank him among the beſt hiſtorians of the eighteenth century, and juſtify the appellation that has ſometimes been given him, of the Britiſh Thucydides.

Mr Orme was born in India about the year 1728, his father, a native of Scotland, having for ſome time held an exalted ſtation in the ſervice of the Honourable Eaſt India Company.

At an early period of life he was brought to England for his education, and placed in the celebrated ſeminary at Harrow, where he continued till 1742, when he returned to India under the patronage of the Company, and was in courſe of time advanced to a ſeat at the Council Board, which he held during the important and eventful period of the war which broke out in the year 1756; the reſult of which was, that by the wiſdom and prudence of the Council, and the great military ſkill and enterpriſing ſagacity of Lord Clive, and Colonels Lawrence and Coote, the French loſt Pondicherry, Mahé, and Gingee, and were entirely expelled from the Continent.

In 1760 Mr Orme returned to England, and ſat himſelf down with indefatigable induſtry and perſeverance to compoſe, from original documents which he had been long collecting, as well in France as in India and England, (for he was well acquainted with the principal Commanders of both nations,) that elegant and invaluable work, his "Hiſtory of the Military Tranſactions of the Britiſh Nation in Hindoſtan, from the Year 1745;" which received from the public the ſtrongeſt teſtimony of its merit, and certainly communicated more real information reſpecting that extenſive country, than all the books which had been publiſhed prior to his time. Indeed, it may truly be ſaid, that India was ſcarcely known to Europeans before the appearance of that work. The Maps, Views, and Plans of the battles, ſieges, &c. taken by the chief engineer, Mr Call, by which the Hiſtory is illuſtrated, are particularly valuable; the Maps eſpecially, as being laid down from the actual marches of the Britiſh and French armies.

The firſt volume of this intereſting work, which contained a particular account of the affairs of India down to the commencement of the war between the Engliſh and French in 1756, was publiſhed in 1763; a ſecond edition, with conſiderable improvements, appeared in 1773; a third, ſtill further improved, with the addition of a very copious index, in 1781; and the fourth and laſt, alſo reviſed and corrected by the Author, in 1799. The ſecond volume inveſtigates the riſe and progreſs of the Engliſh commerce in Bengal; gives an account of the Mahommedan government from the year 1200, when it was firſt eſtabliſhed there; and carries on the general hiſtory from the calamity which befel the Engliſh ſettlements in Bengal in 1756 to the Peace of 1763; and was firſt publiſhed in 1778.

In the year 1782, Mr Orme produced another moſt laborious work (though compriſed in an octavo volume,) collected by very arduous reſearch, not only from printed books

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in various languages, but from the old records of the East India Company, and other MS. collections, to which he gained ready access: It appeared under the title of "Historical Fragments of the Mogul Empire, of the Morattoes, and of the English Concerns in Indostan, from the Year 1659." To this work he gave the humble title of "Fragments," with the hope of obtaining farther information respecting that important period in Eastern history.

The degradation (says he) to which the sovereignty of the Moguls was at this time (1758) reduced, in every province of their dominion, proceeded from evils, which had been increasing ever since the death of Aurengzebe, and cannot be developed without a general view of his reign, as well as the reigns of his successors. This period comprises one hundred years. The events, if we had acquired the knowledge of them in time, would have formed a proper introduction to the later portion of history which we have already published: and the narrative they require is too extensive to find place as an insertion in the continuation of that work. We therefore give it apart, and only in the character of FRAGMENTS, which the want of more materials disables us from disposing into a more regular form.

Again: "We are not without hopes, that some of the many in India, who have the means, will supply the portions of information which are deficient in these fragments, and must otherwise always continue out of our reach. The knowledge is well worth the enquiry; for, besides the magnitude of the events, and the energy of the characters, which arise within this period, there are no States or Powers on the Continent of India, with whom our nation have either connexion or concern, who do not owe the origin of their present condition to the reign of Aurengzebe, or to its influence on the reigns of his successors."

In another part he says, "Besides the publications that we have enumerated, we have gained information concerning SEVAGI, and of events to a latter period concerning the early times of the Morattoes, from cotemporary records belonging to the East India Company. The earliest which mentions SEVAGI is of the year 1673. Could we have discovered the whole series with the collateral branches of correspondence, from the year 1650, the FRAGMENTS we now publish would have acquired some authentic additions; but the labour would have exceeded the conception of any of our readers, excepting the keeper of the records of the India House."

Mr Orme's account of the famous Sevagi, the founder of the present nation of the Morattoes, is very curious and interesting. This man drew his lineage from the Rajahs of Chitore, who boast their descent from Porus, and are esteemed the most ancient establishment of Hindoo Princes, and the noblest of the Rajpoot tribes.

In the course of his researches for the materials of this publication, Mr Orme had collected other valuable information, which he then designed to have given to the world; but his delicate habit and weak constitution at the latter period of his life did not permit him to accomplish the task of arranging them for the public eye with the accuracy necessary to satisfy himself of the propriety of printing them.

The erudition and amiable manners of our Author obtained him the esteem and friendship of most of the literati of his time; and he was some years back in the frequent habit of meeting a select company, whose conversations were usually held in the pure languages of ancient Greece and

and Rome, with which he was as familiar as with his native tongue. For the advantage of conſulting in the original the accounts of the early navigators to India, he had alſo ſtudied and acquired a competent knowledge of the Portugueſe, Spaniſh, and Dutch languages.

His library, indeed, was a ſtrong indication of his extenſive acquirements and correct taſte in every path of literature; not only as it contained the choiceſt editions of all the claſſic authors, ancient and modern, but as having many of them enriched with notes of his own hand-writing in the reſpective languages of their authors. In ſhort, he ſeems to have ſcarcely ever read a book without making ſome remarks in the margin, tending either to the correcting of error, giving force to argument, or extending information.

A life devoted to conſtant ſtudy having much impaired his conſtitution, naturally a weak one, Mr Orme retired about ten years ago from his houſe in Harley ſtreet, to Ealing, a pleaſant village eight miles weſt of London: and as he had then no intention of paying more than occaſional viſits town, in April 1796 the principal part of his library was ſent to the hammer of Leigh and Sotheby, who found ample employment for a ten days ſale. He, however, made a ſelection of his books, which were removed to Ealing, and occupied his mind, whenever his health would permit, till the time of his death; for he retained all his faculties to the laſt moment of his exiſtence, which terminated January 14, 1801, in the 73d year of his age.

Mr Orme at the time of his death, held the office of Hiſtoriographer to the Eaſt India Company, and was by many ſuppoſed to have held the pen for Lord Clive, in 1764, in his admirably written "Letter to the Proprietors of the Eaſt India Stock." This, from the intimacy which then ſubſiſted between the parties, and the elegance of the compoſition, appears to have been by no means an improbable conjecture.

CHARACTERS OF EMINENT PAINTERS.

From Mr Fuſeli's Lectures on Painting.

Definitions.

BEFORE I proceed to the hiſtory of ſtyle itſelf, it ſeems to be neceſſary that we ſhould agree about the terms which denote its object and perpetually recur in treating of it; that my vocabulary of technic expreſſion ſhould not claſh with the dictionary of my audience: mine is nearly that of your late preſident. I ſhall confine myſelf at preſent to a few of the moſt important: the words nature, beauty, grace, taſte, copy, imitation, genius, talent. Thus, by *nature* I underſtand the general and permanent principles of viſible objects, not diſfigured by accident, or diſtempered by diſeaſe, nor modified by faſhion or local habits. Nature is a collective idea, and though its eſſence exiſt in each individual of the ſpecies, can never in its perfection inhabit a ſingle object. On *beauty* I do not mean to perplex you or myſelf with abſtract ideas, and the romantic reveries of platonic philoſophy, or to inquire whether it be the reſult of a ſimple or complex principle. As a local idea, beauty is a deſpotic princeſs, and ſubject to the anarchies of deſpotiſm, enthroned to-day, dethroned to-morrow. The beauty we acknowledge is that harmonious whole of the human frame, that uniſon of parts to one end, which enchants us; the reſult of the ſtandard ſet by the great maſters of our art, the ancients, and confirmed by the

the ſubmiſſive verdict of modern imitation. By *grace*, I mean that artleſs balance of motion and repoſe ſprung from character, founded on propriety, which neither falls ſhort of the demands, nor overleaps the modeſty of nature. Applied to execution, it means that dexterous power which hides the means by which it was attained, the difficulties it has conquered. When we ſay *taſte*, we mean not crudely the knowledge of what is right in art: taſte eſtimates the degrees of excellence, and by compariſon proceeds from juſtneſs to refinement. Our language, or rather thoſe who uſe it, generally confound, when ſpeaking of the art, *copy* with *imitation*, though eſſentially different in operation and meaning. Preciſion of eye and obedience of hand are the requiſites of the former, without the leaſt pretence to choice, what to ſelect, what to reject: while choice, directed by judgement or taſte, conſtitutes the eſſence of imitation, and alone can raiſe the moſt dexterous copyiſt to the noble rank of an artiſt. The imitation of the ancients was, *eſſential*, *characteriſtic*, *ideal*. The firſt cleared nature, of accident, defect, excreſcence: the ſecond found the ſtamen which connects character with the central form; the third raiſed the whole and the parts to the higheſt degree of uniſon. Of *genius* I ſhall ſpeak with reſerve, for no word has been more indiſcriminately confounded: by genius I mean that power which enlarges the circle of human knowledge, which diſcovers new materials of nature, or combines the known with novelty; while *talent* arranges, cultivates, poliſhes the diſcoveries of genius.

Lionardo da Vinci.

—Such was the dawn of modern art, when Lionardo da Vinci broke forth with a ſplendour which diſtanced former excellence; made up of all the elements that conſtitute the eſſence of genius, favoured by education and circumſtances, all ear, all eye, all graſp; painter, poet, ſculptor, anatomiſt, architect, engineer, chymiſt, machiniſt, muſician, man of ſcience, and ſometimes empiric, he laid hold of every beauty in the enchanted circle, but without excluſive attachment to one, diſmiſſed in her turn each. Fitter to ſcatter hints than to teach by example, he waſted life, inſatiate in experiments. To a capacity which at once penetrated the principle and real aim of the art, he joined an inequality of fancy that at one moment lent him wings for the purſuit of beauty, and the next flung him on the ground to crawl after deformity: we owe him chiaroſcuro, with all its magic; we owe him caricature, with all its incongruities. His notions of the moſt elaborate finiſh, and his want of perſeverance, were at leaſt equal:—want of perſeverance alone could make him abandon his cartoon deſtined for the great council-chamber, at Florence, of which the celebrated conteſt of horſemen was but one group; for to him who could organize that compoſition, Michael Angelo himſelf, ought rather to have been an object of emulation than of fear: and that he was able to organize it, we may be certain from the remaining ſketch in the *Etruvia Pittorice*, lately publiſhed, but ſtill more from the admirable print of it by Edelinck, after a drawing of Rubens, who was Lionardo's great admirer, and has ſaid much to impreſs us with the beauties of his laſt ſupper, in the refectory of the Dominicans at Milano, which he abandoned likewiſe, without finiſhing the head of Chriſt, exhauſted by a wild chace after models for the heads and hands of the apoſtles: had he been able to conceive the centre, the radii muſt have followed of courſe.

Michael Angelo.

Sublimity of conception, grandeur of form, and breadth of manner, are

are the elements of Michael Angelo's ſtyle. By theſe principles he ſelected or rejected the objects of imitation. As painter, as ſculptor, as architect, he attempted, and above any other man, ſucceeded to unite magnificence of plan, and endleſs variety of ſubordinate parts with the utmoſt ſimplicity and breadth. His line is uniformly grand: character and beauty were admitted only as far as they could be made ſubſervient to grandeur. The child, the female, meanneſs, deformity, were by him indiſcriminately ſtamped with grandeur. A beggar roſe from his hand the patriarch of poverty; the hump of his dwarf is impreſſed with dignity; his women are moulds of generation; his infants teem with the man; his men are a race of giants. This is the *terribil via* hinted at by Agoſtino Carracci, though perhaps as little underſtood by the Bolognese, as by the blindeſt of his Tuſcan adorers, with Vaſari at their head. To give the appearance of perfect eaſe to the moſt perplexing difficulty, was the excluſive power of Michael Angelo. He is the inventor of epic painting, in that ſublime circle of the Siſtine chapel, which exhibits the origin, the progreſs, and the final diſpenſation of theocracy. He has perſonified motion in the groups of the cartoon of Piſa; embodied ſentiment on the monuments of St Lorenzo, unravelled the features of meditation in the prophets and ſibyls of the chapel of Sixtus; and in the laſt judgment, with every attitude that varies the human body, traced the maſter-trait of every paſſion that ſways the human heart. Though, as ſculptor, he expreſſed the character of fleſh more perfectly than all who went before or came after him, yet he never ſubmitted to copy an individual; Julio the ſecond, only excepted, and in him he repreſented the reigning paſſion rather than the man. In painting he contented himſelf with a negative colour, and as the painter of mankind, rejected all meretricious ornament. The fabrick of St Peter, ſcattered into infinity of jarring parts by Bramante, and his ſucceſſors, he concentrated; ſuſpended the cupola, and to the moſt complex gave the air of the moſt ſimple of edifices. Such, take him all in all, was M. Angelo, the ſalt of art: ſometimes he no doubt had his moments of dereliction, deviated into manner, or perplexed the grandeur of his forms with futile and oſtentatious anatomy; both met with armies of copyiſts, and it has been his fate to have been cenſured for their folly.

Raphael.

The inſpiration of Michael Angelo, was followed by the milder genius of Raphael Sanzio, the father of dramatic painting, the painter of humanity; leſs elevated, leſs vigorous, but more inſinuating, more preſſing on our hearts, the warm maſter of our ſympathies. What effect of human connexion, what feature of the mind, from the gentleſt emotion to the moſt fervid burſt of paſſion, has been left unobſerved, has not received a characteriſtic ſtamp from that examiner of man? Michael Angelo came to nature, nature came to Raphael—he tranſmitted her features like a lucid glaſs unſtained, unmodified. We ſtand with awe before Michael Angelo, and tremble at the height to which he elevates us—we embrace Raphael, and follow him wherever he leads us. Energy, with propriety of character, and modeſt grace, poiſe his line, and determine his correctneſs. Perfect human beauty he has not repreſented; no face of Raphael's is perfectly beautiful; no figure of his, in the abſtract, poſſeſſes the proportions that could raiſe it to a ſtandard of imitation: form to him was only a vehicle of character or pathos, and to thoſe he adapted it in a mode and with a truth, which leaves all attempts at emendation hopeleſs. His invention connects the

the utmoſt ſtretch of poſſibility, with the moſt plauſible degree of probability, in a manner that equally ſurprizes our fancy, perſuades our judgment, and affects our heart. His compoſition always haſtens to the moſt neceſſary point as its centre, and from that diſſeminates, to that leads back as rays, all ſecondary ones. Group, form, and contraſt, are ſubordinate to the event, and common-place ever excluded. His expreſſion, in ſtrict uniſon with, and decided by character, whether calm, animated, agitated, convulſed, or abſorbed by the inſpiring paſſion, unmixed and pure, never contradicts its cauſe, equally remote from tameneſs and grimace: the moment of his choice never ſuffers the action to ſtagnate or to expire; it is the moment of tranſition, the criſis big with the paſt and pregnant with the future.—If, ſeparately taken, the line of Raphael has been excelled in correctneſs, elegance, and energy; his colour far ſurpaſſed in tone and truth, and harmony; his maſſes in roundneſs, and his chiaroſcuro in effect—conſidered as inſtruments of pathos, they have never been equalled; and in compoſition, invention, expreſſion, and the power of telling a ſtory, he has never been approached.

Titiano.

While the ſuperior principles of the art were receiving the homage of Tuſcany and Rome, the inferior, but more alluring charm of colour, began to ſpread its faſcination at Venice, from the pallet of Giorgione da Caſtel Franco, and irreſiſtibly entrancedevery eye that approached the magic of Titiano Vecelli of Cador. To no colouriſt before or after him, did nature unveil herſelf with that dignified familiarity in which ſhe appeared to Titiano. His organ, univerſally and equally fit for all her exhibitions, rendered her ſimpleſt to her moſt compound appearances, with equal purity and truth. He penetrated the eſſence and the general principle of the ſubſtances before him, and on theſe eſtabliſhed his theory of colour. He invented that breadth of local tint, which no imitation has attained; and firſt expreſſed the negative nature of ſhade: his are the charms of glazing, and the myſtery of reflexes, by which he detached, rounded, connected, or enriched his objects. His harmony is leſs indebted to the face of light and ſhade, or the artifices of contraſt, than to a due balance of colour, equally remote from monotony and ſpots. His backgrounds ſeem to be dictated by nature. Landſcape, whether it be conſidered as the tranſcript of a ſpot, or the rich combination of congenial objects, or as the ſcene of a phenomenon, dates its origin from him: he is the father of portrait painting, of reſemblance with form, character with dignity, and coſtume with ſubordination.

Correggio.

Another charm was yet wanting to complete the round of art—harmony: it appeared with Antonio Læti, called Correggio, whoſe works it attended like an enchanted ſpirit. The harmony and the grace of Correggio are proverbial: the medium which by breadth of gradation unites two oppoſite principles, the coalition of light and darkneſs by imperceptible tranſition, are the element of his ſtyle. —This inſpires his figures with grace, to this their grace is ſubordinate: the moſt appropriate, the moſt elegant attitudes were adopted, rejected, perhaps ſacrificed to the moſt awkward ones, in compliance with this imperious principle: parts vaniſhed, were abſorbed, or emerged in obedience to it. This uniſon of a whole, predominates over all that remains of him, from the vaſtneſs of his cupolas to the ſmalleſt of his oil-pictures.—The harmony of Correggio, though aſſiſted by exquiſite hues, was entirely independent of colour: his great organ

was

was chiaroſcuro in its moſt extenſive ſenſe; compared with the expanſe in which he floats, the effects of Lionardo da Vinci are little more than the dying ray of evening, and the concentrated flaſh of Giogione diſcordant abruptneſs. The bland central light of a globe, imperceptibly gliding through lucid demitints into rich reflected ſhades, compoſes the ſpell of Correggio, and affects us with the ſoft emotions of a delicious dream.

Pouſſin.

Bred under Simon Varin, a French painter of mediocrity, he found on his arrival in Italy, that he had more to unlearn than to follow of his maſter's principles, renounced the national character, and not only with the utmoſt ardour adopted, but ſuffered himſelf to be wholly abſorbed by the antique. Such was his attachment to the ancients, that it may be ſaid he leſs imitated their ſpirit than copied their relics and painted ſculpture; the coſtume, the mythology, the rites of antiquity were his element; his ſcenery, his landſcape are pure claſſic ground. He has left ſpecimens to ſhow that he was ſometimes ſublime, and often in the higheſt degree pathetic; but hiſtory, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe, was his property, and in that he ought to be followed. His agents only appear, to tell the fact, they are ſubordinate to the ſtory. Sometimes he attempted to tell a ſtory that cannot be told; of his hiſtoric dignity the celebrated ſeries of Sacraments; of his ſublimity, the viſion he gave to Coriolanus; of his pathetic power, the infant Pyrrhus; and of the vain attempt to tell by figures what words alone can tell, the teſtament of Eudamidas, are ſtriking inſtances. His eye, though impreſſed with the tint, and breadth, and imitation of Titiano, ſeldom inſpired him to charm with colour; crudity and patches frequently deform his effects. He is unequal in his ſtyle of deſign: ſometimes his comprehenſion fails him; he ſupplies like Pietro Teſta, ideal hands, and torſo's with limbs and extremities tranſcribed from the model. Whether from choice or want of power, he has ſeldom executed his conceptions, on a larger ſcale than that which bears his name, and which has perhaps as much contributed to make him the darling of this country, as his merit.

Salvator Roſa.

The wildneſs of Salvator Roſa, oppoſes a powerful contraſt to the claſſic regularity of Pouſſin. Terrific and grand in his conceptions of inanimate nature, he was reduced to attempts of hiding by boldneſs of hand, his inability of exhibiting her impaſſioned, or in the dignity of character; his line is vulgar; his magic viſions leſs founded on the principles of terror than on mythologic train and caprice, are to the probable combinations of nature, what the paroxyſms of a fever are to the flights of vigorous fancy. Though ſo much extolled and ſo ambitiouſly imitated, his banditti are a medley made up of ſtarveling models, ſhreds and bits of armour from his lumber room, bruſhed into notice by a daring pencil. Salvator was a ſatiriſt and a critic, but the rod which he had the inſolence to lift againſt the nudities of Michael Angelo, and the anachroniſm of Raphael, would have been better employed in chaſtiſing his own miſconceptions.

The Carracci.

Toward the decline of the ſixteenth century, Ludovico Carracci, with his couſin Agoſtino and Annibale, founded at Bologna, that eccleſtic ſchool, which by ſelecting the beauties, correcting the faults, ſupplying the defects, and avoiding the extremes of the different ſtyles, attempted to form a perfect ſyſtem. But as the mechanic part was their only object,

they

they did not perceive that the projected union was incompatible with the leading principle of each maſter. Let us hear this plan from Agoſtino Carracci himſelf, as it is laid down in his ſonnet, on the ingredients required to form a perfect painter, if that may be called a ſonnet, which has more the air of medical preſcription. "Take," ſays Agoſtino, "the deſign of Rome, Venetian motion and ſhade, the dignified tone of Lombardy's colour, the terrible manner of Michael Angelo, the juſt ſymmetry of Raphael, Titiano's truth of nature, and the ſovereign purity of Correggio's ſtyle; add to theſe the decorum and ſolidity of Tibaldi, the learned invention of Primaticcio, and a little of Parmegiano's grace: but to ſave ſo much ſtudy, ſuch weary labour, apply your imitation to the works which our dear Nicolo has left us here."—Of ſuch advice, balanced between the tone of regular breeding and the cant of an empiric, what could be the reſult? excellence or mediocrity? whoever imagined that a multitude of diſſimilar threads could compoſe an uniform texture, that the diſſemination of ſpots would make maſſes, or a little of many things produce a legitimate whole? Indiſcriminate imitation muſt end in the extinction of character, and that in mediocrity—the cipher of art.

And were the Carracci ſuch? Separate the precept from the practice, the artiſt from the teacher; and the Carracci are in poſſeſſion of my ſubmiſſive homage. Ludovico, far from implicitly ſubſcribing to a maſter's dictates, was the ſworn pupil of nature. To a modeſt ſtyle of form, to a ſimplicity eminently fitted for thoſe ſubjects of religious gravity, which his taſte preferred, he joined that ſolemnity of hue, that ſober twilight, the air of cloiſtered meditation, which you have ſo often heard recommended as the proper tone of hiſtoric colour. Too often content to rear the humble graces of his ſubject, he ſeldom courted elegance, but always when he did, with enviable ſucceſs. Even now, though nearly in a ſtate of evaneſcence, the three nymphs in the garden ſcene of St Michele in Boſco, ſeem moulded by the hand, inſpired by the breath of love. Agoſtino, with a ſingular modeſty which prompted him rather to propagate the fame of others by his graver, than by ſteady exertion to rely on his own power for perpetuity of name, combined with ſome learning a cultivated taſte, correctneſs, though not elegance of form, and a *correggieſque* colour. Annibale, ſuperior to both in power of execution and academic proweſs, was inferior to either in taſte and ſenſibility and judgment; for the moſt ſtriking proof of his inferiority I appeal to his maſter-work, the work on which he reſts his fame, the gallery of the Farneſe palace; a work whoſe uniform vigour of execution, nothing can equal but its imbecility and incongruity of conception. If impropriety of ornament were to be fixed by definition, the ſubjects of the Farneſe gallery might be quoted as the moſt deciſive inſtances. Criticiſm has attempted to diſmiſs Paolo Veroneſe and Tintoretto, from the province of legitimate hiſtory, with the contemptuous appellation of ornamental painters, not for having painted ſubjects inapplicable to the public and private palaces, the churches and convents, which they were employed to decorate, but becauſe they treated them, ſometimes, without regard to coſtume, or the ſimplicity due to ſacred, heroic, or allegoric ſubject: if this be juſt, where ſhall we claſs him who, with the Capella Siſtina, and the Vatican before his eye, fills the manſion of religious auſterity and epiſcopal dignity, with a choatic ſeries of trite fable and baccanalian revelry, without allegory, void of alluſion, merely to gratify the puerile oſtentation of dauntleſs execution and academic

academic vigour? If the praiſe given to a work be not always tranſferrable to its maſter; if, as Milton ſays, "the work ſome praiſe and ſome the architect," let us admire the ſplendour, the exuberance, the concentration of powers diſplayed in the Farneſe gallery, while we lament their miſapplication by Annibale Carracci.

Albert Durer.

The indiſcriminate uſe of the words genius and talent, has perhaps no where cauſed more confuſion than in the claſſification of artiſts. Albert Durer was, in my opinion, a man of great ingenuity, without being a genius, he ſtudied, and, as far as his penetration reached, eſtabliſhed certain proportions of the human frame, but he did not invent a ſtyle; every work of his is a proof that he wanted the power of imitation, of concluding from what he ſaw, to what he did not ſee, that he copied rather than ſelected the forms that ſurrounded him, and *sans* remorſe tacked deformity and meagreneſs to fullneſs, and ſometimes to beauty. Such is his deſign; in compoſition copious without taſte, anxiouſly preciſe in parts, and unmindful of the whole, he has rather ſhown us what to avoid than what to follow. He ſometimes had a glimpſe of the ſublime, but it was only a glimpſe; the expanded agony of Chriſt on the Mount of Olives, and the myſtic conception of his figure of Melancholy, are thoughts of ſublimity, though the expreſſion of the laſt is weakened by the rubbiſh he has thrown about her. His Knight, attended by Death and the Fiend, is more capricious than terrible; and his Adam and Eve are two common models ſhut up in a rocky dungeon. If he approached genius in any part of art, it was in colour. His colour went beyond his age, and as far excelled in truth and breath and handling the oil colour of Raphael, as Raphael excells him in every other quality. I ſpeak of eaſel-pictures—his drapery is broad, though much too angular, and rather ſnapt than folded. Albert is called the father of the German ſchool, though he neither reared ſcholars, nor was imitated by the German artiſts of his or the ſucceeding century. That the exportation of his works to Italy, ſhould have effected a temporary change in the principles of ſome Tuſcans, who had ſtudied Michael Angelo, of Andrea del Sarto, and Jacopo da Pontormo, is a fact which proves that minds at certain periods may be ſubject to epidemic influence as well as bodies.

Rubens and Rembrandt.

This frantic pilgrimage to Italy, ceaſed at the apparition of the two meteors of art, Peter Paul Rubens, and Rembrandt Van Rhyn; both of whom diſdaining to acknowledge the uſual laws of admiſſion to the temple of fame, boldly forged their own keys, entered and took poſſeſſion, each, of a moſt conſpicuous place by his own power. Rubens, born at Cologne, in Germany, but brought up at Antwerp, then the depoſitory of weſtern commerce, a ſchool of religious and claſſic learning, and the pompous ſeat of Auſtrian and Spaniſh ſuperſtition, met theſe advantages with an ardour and ſucceſs of which ordinary minds can form no idea, if we compare the period at which he is ſaid to have ſeriouſly applied himſelf to painting, under the tuition of Otho Van Veen, with the unbounded power he had acquired over the inſtruments of art, when he ſet out for Italy; where we inſtantly diſcover him, not as the pupil, but as the ſucceſsful rival of the maſters whoſe works he had ſelected for the objects of his emulation. Endowed with a ſelf comprehenſion of his own character, he waſted not a moment on the acquiſition of excellence incompatible with its fervour, but flew to the centre of his ambition,

Venice,

Venice, and ſoon compounded from the ſplendour of Paolo Veroneſe and the glow of Tintoretto, that florid ſyſtem of mannered magnificence, which is the element of his art and the principle of his ſchool. He firſt ſpread the ideal pallet, which reduced to its ſtandard the variety of nature, and once methodized, while his mind tuned the method, ſhortened or ſuperſeded, individual imitation. His ſcholars, however diſſimilar in themſelves, ſaw with the eye of their maſter, the eye of Rubens was become the ſubſtitute of nature; ſtill the mind alone, that had balanced theſe tints, and weighed their powers, could apply them to their objects, and determine their uſe in the pompous diſplay of hiſtoric and allegoric magnificence; for that they were ſelected, for that the gorgeous noſegay ſwelled: but when in the progreſs of depraved practice, they became the mere palliatives of mental impotence, empty repreſentatives of themſelves, the ſupporters of nothing but clumſier forms and clumſier conceits, they can only be conſidered as ſplendid improprieties, as the ſubſtitutes for wants which no colour can palliate, and no tint ſupply.——

Rembrandt was, in my opinion, a genius of the firſt claſs in whatever relates not to form. In ſpite of the moſt portentous deformity, and without conſidering the ſpell of his chiaroſcuro, ſuch were his powers of nature, ſuch the grandeur, pathos, or ſimplicity of his compoſition, from the moſt elevated or extenſive arrangement to the meaneſt and moſt homely, that the beſt cultivated eye, the pureſt ſenſibility, and the moſt refined taſte dwell on them, equally enthralled. Shakeſpeare alone excepted, no one combined with ſo much tranſcendant excellence, ſo many, in all other men, unpardonable faults—and reconciled us to them. He poſſeſſed the full empire of light and ſhade, and of all the tints that float between them: he tinged his pencil with equal ſucceſs in the cool of dawn, in the noon day ray, in the livid flaſh, in evaneſcent twilight, and rendered darkneſs viſible.

Though made to bend a ſteadfaſt eye on the bolder phenomena of nature, yet he knew how to follow her into her calmeſt abodes, gave intereſt to inſipidity or baldneſs, and plucked a flower in every deſert. None ever like Rembrandt knew to improve an accident into a beauty, or give importance to a trifle. If ever he had a maſter he had no followers; Holland was not made to comprehend his power.

FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

CANDLE-LIGHT SKETCHES, NO. IV.

——"VOX populi NON eſt vox Dei," exclaimed my friend, in a very emphatic tone of voice. "This maxim cannot with any propriety be applied but to thoſe moral feelings and intuitive truths, which are common to all mankind, and which are recognized by every individual, independent of reaſoning. To receive it in a general and unreſtricted ſenſe, is to ſanction all the errors and abſurdities, which the maſs of mankind, in every age and nation, have believed and practiſed. In order to diſcover truth, or the exact relations of things," continued he, "much reflection is neceſſary. The truth or falſehood of abſtract propoſitions, (of which we are ſpeaking,) cannot be perceived at a glance. If we wiſh to do juſtice to the ſubject, we ought to think ſeriouſly about it. The fancy muſt be reſtrained, the affections muſt be checked, that the judgment may not be biaſſed or diſtracted in its diſcuſſions. But previous

vious to this, the mind muſt be furniſhed with proper *data* upon which to proceed, by having carefully acquired every information, relative to the particular circumſtances of the ſubject, which can be procured. To this ſucceed calm deliberation, examination of proofs, and weighing of oppoſite arguments. If the mind is raſh in deducing its concluſions, there is the greateſt riſk of embracing error; becauſe the firſt thoughts of the judgement, or rather of the fancy, are often far wide of the concluſions, which deeper meditation obliges it to draw. Let any perſon attend to the operations of his mind, even on the moſt trivial ſubjects, and he will perceive that the fancy ſuggeſts ideas concerning it, which are ſuperſeded the next moment by others more likely to be accurate and true. In a ſhort time, even theſe are improved upon, by reflection and deliberate thought, until the mind arrives at a final determination upon the matter, perhaps not becauſe it has attained the real truth, but becauſe the progreſs of inveſtigation is here terminated by ſome accidental circumſtance, and the mind reſts contented with what it has already done."

"Let us apply this principle, (my friend had now fairly begun, and we prepared ourſelves for hearing a long ſpeech, for he either ſpeaks in mere monoſyllables, or lectures for half an hour at a time.) Let us now apply this principle, ſaid he. The multitude in general have no knowledge, no acquaintance with *data*; they have no habits of abſtraction; they do not deliberate calmly upon any ſubject, becauſe from their ſituation they are, in a great meaſure, rendered incapable of doing ſo. They cannot attentively weigh the ſtrength of oppoſite proofs, nor aſcertain with ſufficient accuracy the particular circumſtances of exiſtent evidence. The firſt ideas which the imagination ſuggeſts, generally influence their determinations: here they ſtop and act accordingly; or if they ſhould make a ratiocinative attempt, the very effort is ridiculous, and is a caricature of logical induction: for how is it poſſible to reaſon when there are neither faculties to reaſon with, nor a general knowledge of facts to proceed upon? (here I thought my friend was rather ſtrong in his expreſſions; becauſe the maſs of mankind have certainly both the faculties of judging, and ſome acquaintance with collateral facts, however limited they may be.) They flirt and flutter about the out-works, but never reach the citadel. The miſt and obſcurity which envelope every abſtract propoſition, and, which enlightened reflection, like the ſun, gradually diſpels, preclude accurate and vivid perception, for their ſun of inveſtigation never ariſes; and their cleareſt views are but indiſtinct and half-formed: the partialities, the prejudices, the paſſions of human nature, affect all their examinations, and influence every concluſion they deem fair and unbiaſſed.—"

"There are indeed ſome men, poſſeſſed of ſuch vigour and keenneſs of intellectual viſion, that they can penetrate more deeply than others into the nature of an object of thought; but ſuch men are none of the vulgar.

"What ſtreſs, therefore, is to be laid upon the opinion of the million?—Is truth to be ſought for in their belief? only one of themſelves will ſay ſo!—It is upon this principle, the inability of thinking with propriety upon ſubjects which require the deepeſt reflection, that we muſt account for all the fooliſh whims and vulgar errors, which have obtained a currency with the generality of mankind, in every age and country. In proportion as men refine and are weaned from their ſavage habits, their knowledge becomes more extenſive, and more accurate. Their

judgment

judgment is ſtrengthened by frequent exerciſe. Imagination is ſubjected and put under proper regulation; a general intercourſe with mankind occaſions more accurate conceptions—and the mind is gradually taught to think more juſtly upon every ſubject preſented to its inveſtigation. They now lay aſide thoſe abſurd notions which reſulted from their narrow conceptions, and embrace opinions and ſentiments ſuggeſted by a more enlightened view of nature. This national improvement, however, is never general in the beginning, and few only at firſt, *quos æquus amavit Jupiter*, "*find the way or make one*," and while they have gained a ſummit, whence they enjoy a clear and extenſive proſpect all around them, the greater number are lagging behind, entangled in the woods, ignorant where they are, or how they ſhall extricate themſelves. The truly wiſe are always benevolent, and thoſe who are poſſeſſed of knowledge, unlike to thoſe whoſe treaſure is wealth, feel a pleaſure in communicating it to others. The ſublime views which open upon thoſe who have gained the heights are announced to thoſe below—ſome believe, others heſitate—while the greater number, actuated by an envy and narrowneſs of ſpirit peculiar to their ſituation, refuſe to liſten to what they reckon extravagant and romantic. In time ſtraggling parties aſcend the eminence; they begin to perceive, as they proceed, that the accounts they heard have a foundation in truth; new objects of aſtoniſhment and pleaſure burſt on every ſide, the horizon widens around, until they reach the eminent ſtation of their brethren.

"In proceſs of time, and not little time is requiſite, (for ignorance is ever obſtinate,) other parties follow the footſteps of thoſe who went before them. The *valleymen* faſt diminiſh; all are eager to quit the pathleſs wilderneſs, and to aſcend the mount of viſion.

"I conceive our own country to be in the ſituation I have deſcribed, at preſent, and that the *valleymen* form as yet the majority." * * * * * Juſt as my friend had pronounced this ſentence, ſome ladies were announced; his oration was interrupted, not to be renewed, and the converſation changed from a deſcription of the preſent ſtate and the future deſtiny of man, to ſagacious obſervations upon the weather,—the dearth of proviſions—faſhionable dreſſes, and a diſſertation upon lap-dogs!

The Unity of Truth.

Etenim omnes artes quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quaſi cognatione quadam inter ſe continentur.

Cic. Orat. pro Arch. Poet.

Paraphrase.

Truth reſembles a circular chain of immenſe extent, which is buried in the ground; one perſon digs at a certain place, and diſcovers a part of it; another digs at a different place, and lays open another part; a third uncovers a new diviſion, in a different quarter, and ſo on to an indefinite number, each being equally ſucceſsful in various places: now although the ſeveral pieces, which are diſcovered apart from one another, will appear ſeparate and diſtinct to thoſe who fall upon them, yet were they to follow the direction of each, and uncover it all round, it would be found to be connected with the reſt, and that the whole formed one grand whole chain. Such is the connection which ſubſiſts betwixt all the ſciences.

Edinburgh. *A. M.*

FOR

FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

STRICTURES ON THE GERMAN STORY OF WERTER.

FEW modern ſtories have attracted more general attention, or been more generally read than Werter. This perhaps may be accounted for from the novelty and ſingularity of many of the ſentiments, the ſimplicity of the tale itſelf, and its tragic and affecting termination; which, doubtleſs, among other reaſons, have contributed greatly to its extenſive circulation. The ſtile, too, in which it appears, is well calculated to work on the feelings of a romantic mind; as perſons of this deſcription, while reading a fictitious tale of ſorrow, ſeldom diſcriminate nicely between innocent misfortunes, and thoſe which are the conſequence of infatuation or guilt, but ſympathize alike with both.

Before reading Werter, I expected, from what I had heard of it, to be greatly affected by his fate; but I own that indignation at the improper intercourſe carried on between him and Charlotte, diminiſhed much of the pity I might otherwiſe have felt for their ſufferings. Compaſſion is a noble feeling, when judiciouſly and properly directed; but we ſhould beware of waſting it on ideal miſery, or confining it merely to imaginary diſtreſs. To ſhed tears at a tragedy, or mourn over a pathetic ſtory, is but the theory of true compaſſion; the practice conſiſts more in that native ſpontaneous benevolence, which reſts not ſatisfied with feeling pity for ideal ſorrows, but ſearches out real objects of compaſſion, and, as far as poſſible, endeavours to remove or alleviate their ſufferings.

From ſome parts about the beginning and end of the book, it appears that, before he ſaw Charlotte at all, Werter had been much attached to a young lady who had died. He ſays, in a letter to his friend, alluding to her, that he had found and knew an exalted mind which raiſed him beyond himſelf—that the pureſt affection warmed their hearts—that her memory would be ever dear to him; and that he could never forget the ſtrength of her mind, and the indulgence of her temper.

An immediate or ſudden tranſfer of our heart and affections from one object whom we fondly loved, to another who for the firſt time we have but ſeen, if not altogether impoſſible, appears at leaſt highly unnatural, and is what could never have been looked for in a mind ſuch as Werter's. Yet, in four ſhort weeks after the above pathetic lamentation, he becomes ſo deeply enamoured of Charlotte, that at a ſingle interview ſhe captivates all his ſenſes.

Were mere perſonal accompliſhments, and outward appearance, only neceſſary to be conſulted in the choice of a beloved object, it is eaſy to conceive that a ſingle interview might ſuffice to determine the choice. But if theſe are only inferior conſiderations, and if the temper and underſtanding are to have their influence, it is not ſo eaſy to comprehend how *they* can be fairly eſtimated at one interview, or otherwiſe than by an intimate and confidential intercourſe for a length of time. An intelligent mind, and amiable diſpoſitions, do not always accompany perſonal beauty. And the man who yields up his heart to external charms, and in them alone truſts for happineſs, will but too ſoon find them inadequate to his expectations. The true baſis of affection, and without which it cannot laſt, is intrinſic worth.

The occaſion that led to Werter's acquaintance with Charlotte, was a dance in that part of the country where they lived. Werter went to the

the ball with a partner of his own, who was accompanied by an aunt. In going to take Charlotte up, to carry her there, his partner tells Werter that he would ſee a very charming girl; and her aunt jocularly deſires him not to fall in love with her, adding ſhe was already engaged to a very worthy man, then gone to ſettle his affairs upon the death of his father, and ſolicit a very lucrative employment. Werter ſays this intelligence appeared a matter of great indifference to him. As Charlotte and he were dancing, a lady, who ſeems to have thought them too familiar, puts her in mind of Albert, by repeating his name; upon which Charlotte informs Werter, that Albert is the worthy man to whom ſhe is engaged.

When two kindred ſouls, free and unengaged, happen to meet, let them be joined together, and taſte every bliſs that awaits their union; but when a barrier divides them which cannot honourably be broken down, ought they not to beware of their conduct, and liſten to the voice of juſtice and reaſon? That ſuch a barrier divided Charlotte and Werter, was well known to both; yet his attentions, from the reception ſhe gave them, encreaſed, after their firſt interview, with every opportunity; their meetings became at laſt ſo frequent, that not a day paſſed without their ſeeing each other; and, in fine, they allowed themſelves to be ſo entirely ſubdued by a violent and boundleſs paſſion, that it ultimately overwhelmed Werter, and ruined the domeſtic peace of Charlotte and Albert.

The practice of ſelf-denial is not unattended with difficulty; but the internal approbation and triumph which accompany the reſiſtance of forbidden pleaſures, always ſurpaſs the temporary gratification ariſing from their indulgence. Indeed there is perhaps nothing more depraved and ignoble than that weakneſs which, yielding to every looſe deſire of the heart, becomes the ſlave and often the victim of voluptuous indulgence; nor any thing more magnanimous, or more ſuitable to the dignity of a rational ſoul, than that bold intrepid fortitude which, making ſelf-denial eaſy, enables us to keep the paſſions at bay, and confine them within their proper bounds. Had Charlotte and Werter poſſeſſed, or rather had they choſen to exert a ſmall ſhare of this fortitude, they might have been both ſaved. The engagement of Charlotte and Albert was ſacred; her dying mother, in the laſt moments of her life, approved their love, and cloſed her eyes in the aſſurance of their being faithful and happy. The indelicate conduct of Charlotte, then, by encouraging a paſſion in another man, ſeems a violation of her own ſacred engagement; while Werter's attempts to eſtrange her affections from the object on whom he knew they were placed, appear ſelfiſh and baſe.

Upon Albert's arrival, Werter is introduced to him by Charlotte; and during the whole period Werter remained in the country, until his departure for court, notwithſtanding even Albert knew of his attachment to Charlotte, a very intimate friendſhip ſeems to have ſubſiſted amongſt them all. The firſt intelligence Werter receives of Charlotte's marriage is in a letter from her and Albert; the anſwer to which affords a ſtriking inſtance of Werter's deſperate ungovernable temper. Addreſſing Albert he ſays, "Does not Charlotte find "room for me in her heart? Yes, "you may allow me to occupy the "ſecond place there; and I will, I "ought to keep it. I ſhould be-"come furious if ſhe could forget— "Albert, that thought is hell. May "you be happy, Albert—Charlotte, "angel of light, may you be the hap-"pieſt of women." This letter does not

not ſeem to have made any impreſſion to Werter's prejudice, either upon Charlotte or Albert, although it certainly reſembles more the broken incoherent ravings of a diſordered brain, than the ſober language of a rational being.

Upon Werter's return to Albert's neighbourhood, their former intimacy is renewed; and the mutual paſſion of Charlotte and Werter breaks out with new violence. Indeed had ſhe been only guilty of a little *egarement du coeur* before her union with Albert; or had they both reſolved to overcome an attachment which, after her marriage, was no longer innocent; they would have been more the objects of admiration than of cenſure. In place of this, however, it appears that Werter watched every occaſion, and embraced every opportunity of viſiting Charlotte alone, while the familiar tender treatment he receives, leaves no room to doubt that her paſſion for Werter was as violent as his own.

In letter 67th, Werter informs his friend, that, in order to forget himſelf, he had drank more wine than uſual, and that Charlotte had reproved him for his exceſſes with much tenderneſs ſaying, "Don't do it—"think of Charlotte." In the 69th letter he ſpeaks of receiving looks of kindneſs and tender pity; and adds, "Yeſterday when I took leave of her, "ſhe held out her hand to me and "ſaid, Adieu my dear Werter." This mode of treatment, from a married woman to a man whom ſhe knew adored her, beſides being highly indecorus, would have been apt to inflame a mind far more frigid than that of Werter; and was but little calculated to cure him of his ill-fated paſſion.

If Charlotte could not diveſt herſelf of all partiality for Werter, ſhe might at leaſt have confined the guilty ſecret to her own breaſt. If ſhe was unable to aſſume, becauſe ſhe did not poſſeſs, that dignity of character which ſo much tends to command reſpect, and will always be found the ſureſt guardian of female virtue; it would have been but a duty ſhe owed to her huſband, and acting with the common delicacy of her ſex, to have ſhunned every occaſion of meeting Werter alone, and repulſing all his advances. But far from receiving theſe advances with the dignified reſentment of inſulted virtue, ſhe liſtens,—with pleaſure does ſhe liſten,—to all his rapturous declarations.

Edinburgh. *C. N.*

FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR SEPTEMBER 1801.

THE ſouthern ſide of SATURN'S RING, being, at preſent, enlightened by the ſun, and the earth depreſſed below its plane, will ſtill be viſible. The greater axis of the *Ring* being ſuppoſed to be divided into a thouſand parts, the length of its ſhorter axis, on the firſt of September will be 135 of theſe parts.

Sunday, September 6th.

At 11 minutes paſt 11 o'clock in the evening, the Moon will be in conjunction with the planet Saturn, whoſe longitude at that time is 4ˢ..29° 35′, and latitude 1°..20′ north.

Tuesday, September 8th.

The SUN will ſuffer an eclipſe in longitude 5ˢ..12°..2′..45″, the moon's latitude being 1°..21′..19″, and the time of the true conjunction being at 26 minutes after 5 o'clock in the morning. But as the viſible conjunction happens in the morning before the riſing of the Sun, this eclipſe will be inviſible at Edinburgh.

Wednesday,

Wednesday, September 9th.

At three minutes after 11 o'clock in the forenoon, the MOON will be in conjunction with MARS, whoſe geocentric longitude is 6ˢ..0°..29′, and latitude 44 minutes north; and in the evening, after ſun-ſet, Mars will be ſituated a little to the eaſt of the moon.

Friday, September 11th.

At two o'clock in the morning the moon will be in conjunction with *Spica* or *α Virginis*, a ſtar of the firſt magnitude, in longitude 6ˢ..21°..4′..30″. On the preceding evening before the Moon ſets, this ſtar will be found a little to the weſt of the moon.

On the ſame day, the planet VENUS is in conjunction with *ϑ Cancri*, a ſtar of the fourth magnitude, in longitude 4ˢ..5°..56′..58″. The latitude of Venus being 48 minutes ſouth, and that of *ϑ Cancri* 4′..13″ north, the diſtance of their centers will be 52′..13″, and the planet will paſs to the north of the ſtar.

Monday, September 14th.

At 18 minutes paſt 12 o'clock noon, the moon will be in conjunction with *Antares* or *α Scorpionis*, a ſtar of the firſt magnitude, in longitude 8ˢ..6°..59′..38″; and in the evening will be ſituated a little to the weſt of the ſtar.

Friday, September 18th.

MERCURY will arrive at his ſuperior conjunction with the Sun at 32 minutes after 8 o'clock in the evening, at which time the longitude of theſe planets is 5ˢ..25°..24′..35″.

Saturday, September 19th.

Early in the morning, before the riſing of the Sun, the planet Jupiter will be in conjunction with *γ Leonis*, a ſtar of the fourth magnitude, in longitude 4ˢ..24°..34′..22″. The latitude of Jupiter being 44 minutes north, and that of *γ Leonis* 2′..22″ north, the neareſt approach of their centers will be 41′..38″, and Jupiter will paſs to the north of the ſtar.

Monday, September 21ſt.

(ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.)

The moon will ſuffer a total eclipſe, which will be partly viſible at Edinburgh and other places under the ſame meridian. At 23 minutes and 11 ſeconds after five o'clock in the morning the Moon will enter into the Earth's ſhadow. At 40 minutes paſt five the Moon ſets. At 22 minutes and 38 ſeconds paſt ſix o'clock, the moon is wholly immerſed in the earth's ſhadow. At 11 minutes and 5 ſeconds after ſeven, the Sun and Moon are in the oppoſite degree and minute of the ecliptic, the longitude of the Sun being 5ˢ..28°..47′..7″, and that of the moon 11ˢ..28°..47′..7″. The middle of the eclipſe happens at 12 minutes and 17 ſeconds after ſeven. The Moon's diſc begins to get free of the earth's ſhadow at one minute and 39 ſeconds after eight. The eclipſe ends at one minute and 18 ſeconds after nine, and the digits eclipſed from the ſouth ſide of the earth's ſhadow are 20°..1′. At the middle of this eclipſe, the Moon will be vertical to a point in the Indian ocean, whoſe longitude is 68°..42′ eaſt, and latitude 30 minutes north, not very far diſtant from the Maldiva Iſlands. The eclipſe will therefore be viſible to the inhabitants of Aſia, and the more weſtern nations of Europe and Africa.

Wedneſday, September 23d.

The Sun enters the ſign *Libra*, at 5 minutes after one o'clock in the afternoon; or his longitude is at that time exactly ſix ſigns.

Saturday, September 26th.

At two minutes after ſeven o'clock in the morning the GEORGIUM SIDUS is in conjunction with the SUN, in longitude 6ˢ..2°..41′..8″.

Sunday, September 27th.

Venus will be in conjunction with *γ Leonis*, a ſtar of the fourth magnitude, in longitude 4ˢ..24°..34′..23″. As the latitude of Venus is at that time about 17 minutes north, and that of

of ϒ Leonis 2′..22″ north, the nearest approach of their centres will be 14′..38″, and Venus will pass to the north of the star.

Monday, September 28th.

A very beautiful conjunction between the planets VENUS and JUPITER will take place this morning, before the rising of the Sun, in longitude 4ˢ..26°..21′, the latitude of Jupiter being nearly 45′..30″ north, and that of Venus 22 minutes north, the distance of their centers at the time of conjunction will be 23′..30″, and Venus will pass to the south of Jupiter.

On the same morning, at half-past four o'clock, the second and third satellites of Jupiter are in conjunction on the right side of the planet, the first is situated towards the east, and the fourth towards the west of Jupiter.

Tuesday, September 29th.

In the morning, before Sun-rise, the planet VENUS will be in conjunction with *Regulus* or *α Leonis*, a star of the first magnitude, in longitude 4ˢ..27°..4′..41″, the latitude of Venus being 25 minutes north, and that of the star 27′..27″ north, the nearest approach of their centers will be 2′..27″, and Venus will pass to the south of Regulus. *D. B.*

PIRN, *August 10th*, 1801.

THE BANDEAU OF LOVE, OR THE BLINDNESS OF DULILOT; A TALE.

(*Concluded from page* 50.)

HERE then was Dulilot, without establishment, without property, and forsaken by Nervalle, for whom he had made every sacrifice. He was the talk of the city; every one questioned him with an ironical air of interest, respecting the fate of that woman of fashion, whom he had formerly brought: his friends made him secret reproaches; but he answered to all, that he knew very well where she was, and that she had apprized him of this sudden step. He in fact expected to find her again at the convent of Toulouse, which she had mentioned to him; and till the expiration of a month, the period fixed by her to write to him, he kept himself as quiet as he possibly could. The month was elapsed, the wished-for letter did not yet arrive; his friend Debar advised Dulilot to at last forget a woman, who was making a fool of him; he intreated him to avail himself of the few resources that he had left to retrieve his situation, and repair, by a prudent conduct, the losses which he had sustained. Useless advice! Dulilot could not profit by it; Nervalle alone occupied him; he would inform himself of her fate; he set off for Toulouse; he flew rapidly on the wings of love and hope; his heart leaped, all his senses were moved at the sight of the asylum that was to contain Nervalle; he ran, approached, enquired—she was unknown—Grief oppressed him: his ideas were confounded, his feelings were at variance, scarcely did he know himself; no other resource remained than that of returning to Lyons, where tender recollections and a secret instinct called him. Then it was that Debar's friendship again strove to bring back Dulilot to reason; experience must have given him a lesson; events condemned him, and added to the strength of argument; but what can friendship, or reason, do against the prepossessions of feeling?—"No, my friend," said Dulilot, "nothing now can make me doubt the honour of Nervalle; too many reiterated proofs would make it a crime in me to harbour the slightest suspicion; you know little of her, and your opinions provoke me. But let what will be the case, I must see her, and come to an explanation with her; I cannot live in such cruel suspense."

Debar had too much feeling to forsake his friend in so critical a conjuncture; he judged that it was necessary to give way to his weakness, in order to cure him of it more certainly, or to preserve at least a confidence that might serve to guide him on a more serious occasion.

Incessant enquiries at length informed them, what people had assisted Nervalle, in the removal of her property, and by their means, what road she had taken on leaving Lyons. She was gone to Dijon.

Dulilot

Dulilot wiſhed already to be there. "Well!" ſaid Debar, "I muſt go to Paris; I will, to oblige you, ſacrifice ſome time, and a little expence; I will accompany you as far as Dijon, and I will try to ſerve you effectually; your error is perhaps not incorrigible, and my attention may reſtore you to yourſelf and to happineſs.

Our two friends ſet off, and were not long in reaching Dijon; they arrived there, and ſought every where for the object of their journey. No one knew Nervalle! in vain Dulilot deſcribed her, he diſcovered no trace of her. When they were beginning to deſpair of the ſucceſs of their enquiries, they at length found an inn-keeper, who thought he knew the original of the picture drawn by Debar, who was then alone at this inveſtigation. The good man added, "that not only the lady had a young girl with her, but that ſhe was accompanied by her huſband, and that ſhe even appeared big with child; they lodged ſome time at my houſe, added he, and liked their abode very well; but their affairs preventing them from ſtaying, they ſet off for Langres about three weeks ago."

Debar, very glad of his diſcovery, and of the little circumſtance which he had learned, returned to Dulilot, who, fatigued with having again run all over the town, had thrown himſelf on his bed in the greateſt depreſſion of ſpirits. He reſtored him to life by this intelligence, but when he ſpecified that Nervalle was not alone, and that ſhe was with child; "Ah! heaven!" exclaimed Dulilot, "is it poſſible? but no, it is a miſtake."—"What," replied Debar, "you ſtill believe in her virtue, and all her improper conduct does not undeceive you!"—"Ah! my friend, ſhe is a woman ſo modeſt, ſo virtuous! If you knew her. Let us ſet off, my friend, let us ſet off for Langres."—"I conſent," ſaid Debar, "I will not forſake you till you are convinced of her perfidy; beſides we muſt find out your niece."

Here then were Dulilot and Debar once more running after Nervalle, the one for the pleaſure of ſeeing her again, the other to confound her, if poſſible. Being arrived at Langres, Debar, with his uſual activity and intelligence, found means to diſcover the very place where ſhe lodged; he took Dulilot thither, aſked for a room for them both, and went up to it with him while their ſupper was preparing. As they were on the ſtaircaſe, Debar perceived Nervalle, who was coming down at that moment: he hid his face with his hat, ſlipped in dexterouſly between her and his friend, and made the latter, who was not attentive to his motions, enter the room. When they were there together, Debar told him that the inn to which he had brought him, was that where Nervalle lodged; that a young adventurer, who went by the name of the chevalier Duval, and whom he made paſs for her huſband, accompanied her, and that ſhe was really with child, as they had been told at Dijon. "Have you ſeen her?" warmly interrupted Dulilot,—"Yes, I have ſeen her; and your doubts are abſurd and offenſive to me." Dulilot confuſed, did not dare to anſwer. Debar took advantage of this moment of aſtoniſhment and indignation, to make him the warmeſt repreſentations on the inconceivable error by which he had ſuffered himſelf to be blinded reſpecting this woman; then reverting to all her actions, to begin by her ready and ſuſpicious acceptance of the two *louis d'ors* on the Paris road, he evidently demonſtrated the falſeneſs of their principle, the meanneſs of their end, and the contempt which they deſerved. The zeal of friendſhip, that pure, warm, and affecting zeal, animated Debar's diſcourſe; reaſon and juſtice gave him all the force and authority that he could derive from ſuch ſupports; and he alſo ſeconded it by the obvious and preſſing conſiderations of the misfortunes, the indigence and the contempt that had been brought on him, by his weakneſs for a female adventurer unworthy of the countenance of an honeſt man. A ſalutary impreſſion was made on Dulilot's mind; his ſilence and his tears were an eloquent confeſſion of his faults; his whole conduct announced a man ready to follow the advice of his friend, though it were contrary to an inclination which he began to blame. Debar, ſeizing this diſpoſition, to which he had endeavoured to bring him, continued to move him, and thus concluded his exhortation: "I have proved to you how highly Nervalle's conduct and perſon deſerve contempt: you feel the ſad effects of a love which you muſt completely baniſh: you ſee the neceſſity of an open rupture; this is the manner in which you muſt bring

bring it about, and in a moment. Nervalle's apartment is not far from this; you muſt go thither; I will accompany you; we will aſk for your niece without any other explanation, and alſo for the jewels which you gave her, and which ſhe cannot refuſe to reſtore to you: this buſineſs muſt be done with boldneſs and diſpatch; after that, we will think of repairing, by means of my friends, the ſtate of your fortune, which your unhappy paſſion has ſo materially deranged."

Dulilot promiſed every thing; his courage was roufed by the generoſity of his friend, whoſe firmneſs ſeemed to have communicated itſelf to his heart: the reſolution was taken: Debar fortified it anew with every thing that might render it immoveable; he ſaw in Dulilot's air, an aſſurance of the ſincerity of his promiſes: ſatisfied with his exertions, and daring to hope from them the wiſhed-for ſucceſs, he left the room with him. Nervalle's apartment was higher than theirs; they aſcended to it, and knocked; it was ſupper time; a tall young man, with a handſome countenance, came and opened the door; Dulilot's heart was moved on approaching the place where his miſtreſs was; a confuſed agitation made him heſitate. "Come in then," ſaid Debar, "and remember your promiſes, and the conduct that you muſt adhere to, or elſe I give you up." Dulilot's tottering ſteps no longer anſwered the reſolution that he had juſt manifeſted a moment before: Nervalle appeared, and the ſight of her completely diſconcerted him. "How delighted I am to ſee you again!" cried ſhe to Dulilot, accompanying this ſweet exclamation with an enchanting ſmile, and with that ſeducing look the power of which ſhe had ſo often experienced over the too feeble Dulilot; "grant me a moment's converſation in this cloſet." She opened the door of it at the ſame time, and was followed thither by Dulilot, who ſighed, looking at his friend. The latter would have recalled him, but in vain.

Debar waited with impatience the end of this private interview; at laſt it concluded; the fatal door opened; Dulilot appeared, with his eyes ſtill quite ſwelled by the tears that he had juſt ſhed. "Theſe gentlemen will do us the honour to ſup with us," ſaid ſhe, looking at the young chevalier.—"I," anſwered Debar: "No, madam, I withdraw, and to-morrow morning early I ſet off poſt for Paris; I ſee too plainly that my preſence here is uſeleſs. Adieu!" In ſaying theſe words, he went away. Dulilot followed him, in hopes of bringing him back, by communicating to him his illuſion. "Ah! What do you mean?" anſwered Debar; "muſt I remain to be a witneſs of your new follies?" "Ah! my friend, you are ignorant of the truth: the young man who accompanies her is her huſband; I know the motive of all her proceedings, which have incurred from you ſo much blame. She is innocent, as I always thought; and"—"No," ſaid Debar, "I can liſten to you no more, all that I can promiſe you, is to delay my departure till to-morrow at noon: you will have time to execute between this and then, what you had promiſed me to-day; and if your reſolution is not more effectual, I ſet off, and nothing ſhall detain me."—"But, my friend, I cannot avoid going to ſup with her; a refuſal on my part, after the invitation which ſhe gave me before her huſband, might appear ſtrange to him."—"Go," ſaid Debar, "for my part I remain alone, but think of ſetting off to-morrow morning with me, or of renouncing my friendſhip for ever."

The forenoon of the next day was employed, by Debar, in exhorting his friend as warmly as the preceding evening; the queſtion was to come to a poſitive deciſion; Debar wiſhed to ſet off; and after having fulfilled all the duties of the moſt affectionate friend, he was at the point of abandoning Dulilot to all the misfortunes of his paſſion, if he did not ſeriouſly comply with his wiſe advice. He expoſed to him more ſtrongly ſtill into what difficulties he would fall, if he did not tear himſelf from this perfidious woman. "Ah! my friend," cried Dulilot, "you are going to tax me again with folly and credulity, but you do not know her yet; at the moment in which I am ſpeaking to you, ſhe is labouring hard to procure me a place of commiſſary in the war department; I have ſeen the letters which ſhe has written for that purpoſe; it is in this manner that ſhe wiſhes to indemnify me for the diſburſements which I have made for her." Debar could with difficulty curb his impatience; this laſt trait animating him again, he continued the repreſentations

preſentations which it was proper to make to the feeble Dulilot; but not ſeeing him as decided as he wiſhed, he ſent for his poſt-chaiſe, and prepared to quit him.

The approach of the departure of his friend, however, agitated Dulilot: the ſentiment of all that he owed him operated on his mind; friendſhip and gratitude were not wholly extinguiſhed in his heart; he ſaw all that he was going to loſe; Debar perceived him heſitate and give way; he wiſhed to take advantage of this firſt impreſſion, and prevailed on him to take the ſtep which he had recommended the evening before. Dulilot promiſed, and went to execute it; but his courage forſook him at the very moment. Debar, then feeling that it was better to content himſelf with what he might obtain than to require all, dreading beſide the dangers of a freſh interview, renounced his firſt ideas, and confined himſelf to deciding Dulilot to depart. He kept up, by his remonſtrances, the ferment in which his friend was; and contriving to wreſt from him a ſullen conſent, he flew to bring his niece, whom Nervalle reſigned without much difficulty, ſince Dulilot, ruined, could no longer be uſeful to her; and ſtepping with them into the poſt-chaiſe, he took them to Dijon, in order to place the niece there in a convent, and thence purſue his journey to Paris, where he reckoned to procure Dulilot reſources which he could not hope to find for him at Lyons. Debar's own affairs alſo called him thither, and his money began to get low. At Auxerre they took the paſſage boat; here Dulilot was in ſuch a ſituation as may be imagined, melancholy, thoughtful, ſeeing nothing of what was paſſing around him, loſt in his own ideas, ſtill in love, and perſuaded of the honour of his miſtreſs, accuſing her of none of his misfortune, which he imputed to his own evil deſtiny, and curſing his fate in adoring Nervalle. Debar congratulated himſelf, however, on having removed him from ſo dangerous an object, and hoped that time and abſence would alleviate his afflictions, and cure his folly; he exerted his attention to divert and enliven him.

Among the perſons embarked in this paſſage-boat, Debar remarked an officer clothed in a uniform ſimilar to that of the chevalier Duval. Struck by the idea that this ſight awakened in him, he interrogated the officer. "Are you not, Sir, of the regiment of Bourbonnois?" "Yes, Sir," ſaid the officer. "You come then from Corſica, I preſume?"—"I am juſt arrived thence"—"You muſt know the chevalier Duval; he belongs to your regiment."—"No, Sir, I am not at all acquainted with him."—"That is ſingular; he is a young man much about your ſize, with a pleaſing countenance, he has fine light hair, a ſoft voice, an agreeable look, but the moſt unpoliſhed manners."—"No, Sir, that chevalier does not belong to our corps."—"But, ſurely, you know him; his wife went to ſee him in Corſica, a few months ago."—"Ah! I ſee now whom you mean; the title of chevalier had deceived me: does not ſhe whom you call his wife, go by the name of Nervalle?"—"Exactly ſo."—"But I did not think that, when ſhe was with him, ſhe went by that name."—"It ſeems to me that you are well acquainted with her."—"Vaſtly well; and this is her character, if you wiſh to know it. Nervalle is a pretty Paris girl, who underſtood her trade very well; ſhe fell ſeriouſly in love with an adventurer in a ſmall way, who, after having enjoyed her favours at a cheaper rate than any other man, having grown tired of her, and having no reſource, enliſted in our regiment, and came with us to Corſica laſt ſummer: this girl, through a conſtancy very uncommon in beings of her ſpecies, came to releaſe her lover; ſhe had the appearance of a rich woman, and as ſhe ſaid, her fortune was made at Lyons, no doubt by means of ſome dupe, wherever he may be. She in fact releaſed her dear favourite; they then both departed; I have not learned what is become of them, nor do I trouble myſelf about the matter. That's the hiſtory of your pretended chevalier Duval and his reſpectable conſort."

During this recital, Debar fixed his eyes on Dulilot; he ſaw him all at once turn pale and red, with ſhame and deſpair. He would not completely overwhelm him, and therefore was ſilent. The next day, he thought that the night having left his friend time to make ſober reflections, he might wholly undeceive him by warmer and more urgent remonſtrances. Theſe overthrew Dulilot; he was unable to anſwer his friend; his deſpair was ſtrongly depicted in his face. Debar ſaw at laſt that truth had made

made an impreſſion on his poor friend, and not chooſing to puſh matters to extremity, he went away from him, after having affectionately ſqueezed his hand, and manifeſted his pardon, in his eyes moiſtened with tears. Dulilot alſo went away. A quarter of an hour had now elapſed ſince this ſeparation, when Debar heard ſome cries: it was thoſe of the perſons who had juſt ſeen Dulilot throw himſelf into the river. Every one was eager to fly to his aſſiſtance; but it was too late; he was dead when he was taken up.

Such was the end of Dulilot; the victim of an inconſiderate love, nothing had been able to convince him of Nervalle's perfidy: he ran through a conſiderable fortune in worſhipping this divinity, who abuſed his paſſion; and when his eyes were open to the light, deſpair forced him to renounce a life which no longer preſented him any proſpect but ſhame and remorſe.

This is the moſt ſtriking example of the exceſſes to which we may be led by a blind paſſion, and the fatal *bandeau* of love.

Poetry.

For the Edinburgh Magazine.

To J.— N.— *Inverleithen.*

HEALTH to the Bard whaſe rural ſang
Was conn'd tha flow'ry braes amang,
While ilka buſs wi' burdies rang,
Wha join'd the ſtrains,
Now wafted by the winds alang
Auld Scotia's plains!

Dear Brither Bard, (but ablins, ye
May count yourſel' nae kin to me,
Sin' bonnie Belles o' gryte degree
Are fain to rooſe ye;
An' ſooth ae blink frae Beauty's e'e
May weel excuſe ye.)

Weel then, Dear Sir, gin' ye but kent,
Sae lang's I've hirpled o'er the bent,
I'd make ye fain an' weel content,
To think your whiſtle
Cud heeze my ſaul to ſic a' ſtent,
As this epiſtle.

I anes like you, wi' youdit fluſh'd,
Fu' rackleſs to Parnaſſus ruſh'd;
Syne on Pegaſus ſpurr'd an' puſh'd,
Purſuin' Fame:
But Fancy now lies darn an' duſht,
'Tis idle game!

Yet leeze me o' the days o' yore!
Fan Care miſkent my cottage door;
Unſkill'd in aught but Nature's lore,
I fear'd nae wrang;
To wander 'midſt her boundleſs ſtore,
"Nae day ſeem'd lang."

O fan the Sun wi' ſtantin' beam
On green woods glanc'd his partin' gleam,
Or dappl'd light my fav'rite ſtream,
That wimpl'd by;
My ſaul has ſoar'd in Fancy's dream,
Ayont the ſky!

The landſcape loſt to mortal view
'Mang diſtant hills o' ſpotleſs blue;
The circlin' knows o' gowden hue,
Wi' bonnie broom;
The milk-white hawthorn drappin' dew,
An' rich perfume;

The ſcented fields o' haſ-won hay,
Whare Love made labour light an' gay;
The ſmile mair ſaft than op'nin' day,
That thrill'd the frame;
An' Beauty's ſaul-enchantin' lay,
To beet the flame:

On ſcenes like thae by B—'s ſtream
I've dander'd wi' delight to dream;
Or fan the ſhow'r had chac'd me hame,
Ayont the hallan,
I had a dear delightfu' theme
O' pawky ALLAN:

Sweet were the ſangs, an' ſaſt the knows,
An' dear the daiſies i' the hows,
Whare ſportin' lambs an' fleecy ewes
Round Peggy play'd;
To Glaud an' Symon's lyart pows
I rev'rence paid.

But BURNS, wi' mair than mortal flight,
Wi' fancy tow'r'd ayont my ſight;
My head grew dizzy wi' the hight
I try'd to follow,
But cudna thole the bleeze o' light
Beam'd round Apollo.

Ohan! it was a dowie day
That laid the Bard cauld i' the clay,
Altho' ſae ill in tift to play,
An' out o' tune,
I cronach'd ſuith a' mournfu' lay,
Wi' dowie crune *.

Apollo's cheek ſcarce dight had been,
The Muſes i' their *weeds* were ſeen,
Their ſighs o'er Scotia's valleys green
Were echoin' ſtill,
Fan blink came HOPE wi' heav'nly een
In o'er the hill!

Fan CAMPBELL uſher'd in the maid,
Wi' mair than mortal ſkill array'd,
Celeſtial radiance round her play'd,
An' laſtin' light;

While

Ed. Mag. Aug. 1801.

* Elegy to the memory of ROBERT BURNS; Edinburgh Magazine, vol. 8. p. 465. *Edit.*

While he, forlorn, a wand'rer ſtray'd—
A *Hopeleſs* wight*.

To you, my lad, we now maun look,
Ye're marked i' the Muſes book;
May ye the pipe wi' honour brook!
Ye've breath an' ſkill,
Gar't echoe to the northmoſt nook
O' *Morven*'s hill.

Now i' your lug a word or twa—
Altho' it ſets you weel to bla',
I'll tell you fat by Fortune's fa'
I've felt an' ſeen;
Tho' my experience unco' ſma',
An' ſcrimpet's been.

Untutor'd i' the claſſic bow'r
Where Greece an Rome their treaſures pour,
I only cull'd the wild wood flow'r
At dewie morn;
Or blythly paſs'd the e'enin' hour,
Aneath the thorn.

Now *Fancy*'s fire a' ſmoor'd an' fled,
An keen *Reflection* in her ſtead
Looks back whare ance I loo'd to tread,
Fan life was new;
My cauldrife boſom warms fu' glad
To welcome you.

Ye've ta'en the field—weel may you ſpeed,
But certes! poets ſeenil dread
The diſappointments aft decreed
To clog their flight;
Nor fat may gar the boſom bleed
O' rhymin' wight.

Some ſcribblers, fan they get their due,
Bark bauldly at the Critic crew;
Becauſe fan muſter'd for *Review*
They yark their hurdies;
But ſhaw them ſenſe an' Nature true—
They'll clap the burdies!

I'ſe wad my lug, gin ye were there,
Bedeen they'd bang you in a chair,
An' wi' a buſs o' bloomin' gear
Buſk round your bonnet;
Syne ſend you hame in haſte to lear
Anither ſonnet.

But ither ills aft intervene;
The ſaul that glows wi' ſcelins keen,
Maun thole the ſneerin' taunts o' ſpleen,
An' Envy's tools:
Minerva's ſhield were weak to ſcreen
Frae *dolts* an' *fools*!

An' Madam *Flatt'ry*, ſilk-tongu'd hizzie,
Wi' poet's harns is unco' bizzie,
Gin' at the head ſhe get a vizzie,
She'll try her craft,
An' whirl them round her thum 'till *dizzie*,
Or ablins, *daft*.

Anither grim an' ghaaſtly ſae
Is *Poverty*, wi' haflicts blae;
Wha, while they hope to ſpeel the brae
To walth an' fame,
Aſt ſtrecks them cauld amo' the ſtrae,
An' clouts at hame.

But *Pleaſure* wi' her painted ſails,
An' roſes round her cummer's tails,
Her ſilken net fu' ſleelie trails
Around the Bard;
Till loſt—lethargic—he bewails
His tint regard!

Alake! my boſom bleeds wi' pain,
The ſwellin' tear will ſcarce reſtrain,
Fan "buſy Mem'ry's meddlin' train"
Calls up in ſight
The peerleſs Bard o' Coila's plain—
Now ta'en gudenight!

O BURNS! had fate ordain'd thy lot,
To ſing in ſome weel ſhelter'd cot,
Some ſweet ſequeſter'd flow'ry ſpot,
Wi' nature gay,
Thro' whilk, the burnie's ſeen to trot,
An' lammies play!

Ah! bootleſs wiſh—an' ſure am I,
You join a ſad congenial ſigh!
I'll fling my tuneleſs chanter by,
Nor mair intrude,
But juſt to jowk an' bid gude bye!
In friendly mood.

I've only hafflins tald my mind,
Tho' doubtleſs ye may deem me kind,
To looſe your e'en ſae lang confin'd,
On dogg'rel ſtrain:
Gin for the ſequel ye're inclin d,
I'ſe try't again.

Banks o' B—. An *Auld Shepherd.*
July 10*th*, 1801.

For the Edinburgh Magazine.

ELEGIAC VERSES,

On the Death of a Young Lady.

CELESTIAL Orb! whoſe mildly gliding ray
Directs my wanderings, nightly as I roam,
Gild with thy brighteſt beam my lonely way,
And guide my footſteps to Eliza's tomb!

There, while my thoughts from earthly cares aſcend,
Let me recall the form no more I'll ſee!
There, weeping o'er thy duſt, lamented friend,
I'll meditate on virtue, and on thee!

Fair dawn'd the morning of Eliza's youth,
Joyful, her parents ſaw her worth increaſe:
Her gentle meekneſs, innocence, and truth,
Foretold a life of happineſs and peace.

Advancing years the pleaſing hope matur'd;
Her mind expanded as her knowledge grew:
Her mild ſincerity *eſteem* ſecur'd,
While *friendſhip*'s choiceſt bleſſings well ſhe knew!

Retiring

* Stanzas addreſſed to *Mr Thomas Campbell*, author of "the PLEASURES OF HOPE," Edinburgh Magazine, vol. 15. p. 217. *Editor.*

Retiring *modeſty*, of virtue born,
Enhanc'd the praiſe, to arrogance deny'd;
—Ev'n as a veil's tranſparent folds adorn
The lovelineſs it vainly ſtrives to hide.

To her *the wretched* never pled in vain,—
Her guileleſs heart each tale of woe believ'd;—
She dropt a tear, in pity to their pain;
And ſtill, whene'er ſhe could, their wants reliev'd.

Oft, in the gentle language of the eye,
I've read the ſecret feelings of her ſoul;
Oft mark'd the ſtarting tear, the ſtifled ſigh,
Her native tenderneſs could ill controul.

Her parents, worthy of her grateful love,
Her filial piety with tranſport own'd;
To heal their woes, t' increaſe their joys, ſhe ſtrove,
And ſtill her efforts with ſucceſs were crown'd.

Affliction came, and found them unprepar'd;—
With watchful care ſhe ſooth'd their troubled mind;
—Tho deep her own diſtreſs, their pangs ſhe ſhar'd,
And hallow'd comforts taught them where to find.

For ſtill *Religion's* pure and perfect way,
With humble confidence, ſhe firmly trod:—
Truſting on Him, "whoſe truth ſhall ne'er decay,"—
—Her merciful Redeemer, and her God!

Her hopes of bliſs to pureſt joys gave birth,
And o'er her days their radiant influence ſhed;—
Serene tranquillity, and harmleſs mirth,
Rewarded, while they *prov'd*, the life ſhe led.

Too ſoon, alas! were higher *proofs* requir'd,—
Severeſt proofs with cheerful zeal ſhe gave;
For ſtill Religion's hopes her boſom fir'd,
Ev'n when diſeaſe preſag'd an early Grave.

She, undiſmay'd, the near approach foreſaw
Of that dread hour, which hearts and thoughts muſt try;
Forgetting not th' irrevocable law,
"That ſhe, and all mankind, muſt ſurely die."

Aſſail'd by ſickneſs, and with pain oppreſs'd,—
With Death's dark dreary valley in her view;—
Her ſoul in patience ſtill ſhe firm poſſeſs'd,
And Heav'n's bright path continu'd to purſue.

Her anxious parents, weeping o'er her bed,
To ſooth, with fond ſolicitude, ſhe'd try;
And, while their ſouls for aid to heav'n ſhe led,
Taught them, by her example, how to die!

At length, forwarn'd that now her race was run,
Compos'd, ſhe felt the icy hand of death:
And, faintly crying, —"God! thy will be done!"
To Him, without a groan, reſign'd her breath!——

Ye, who with woe can ſympathiſe and weep,
Oh! pay her worth the tribute of a tear:
Sad's the privation, and the anguiſh deep,
Of mourning parents, and of kindred dear!

Yet large the comfort heav'n is pleas'd to ſend;
Heav'n's ways with conſtant earneſtneſs ſhe ſought;
Her life was righteous, happy was her end,
And endleſs joys, we truſt, are now her lot.

—Sainted Eliza! while thy paths I view,—
—My mind from prejudice and error free,
My vows of virtue let me oft renew.
And ſtrive to live, that I may die, like thee! *X. Y.*

For the Edinburgh Magazine.

SONNET.

WHEN ſtorm-fraught vapours ſhroud heav'n's ample dome,
And loud and long the deep-voic'd thunder roars,
The lordly eagle ſpurns his airy home,
And o'er the cliff that props the ſky he ſoars.

No chilling fears arreſt his vent'rous flight,
Though the dread ſcene air's feebler legions ſhun;
Alone he braves Deſtruction's giant might,
While ſhuddering Nature trembles on her throne.

Thus, while the ſtorms of fate tremendous roll,
And threaten ruin in their vengeful courſe,
On ſeraph wings the heaven-inſpired Soul
Triumphant riſes o'er their feeble force,
While Faith and Hope their brighteſt beams prepare,
To chaſe afar the dæmons of Deſpair.

ADELINE.

For the Edinburgh Magazine.

THE MAVIS AND HOWLET,

A FABLE.

TWA trees aft claim'd my young regard;—
"Whare are they?"—"In my *Father's* yard."—

"Your

"Your Father! Sir, I ken him not."—
Nae doubt, for humble is his lot.—
"If humble, let him not be nam'd."—
Why?—of myſell I'd be aſham'd,
War I aſham'd, in prideſu' mood,
Of him, wham honeſt, mild, an' good
I owe him mair than e'er I'll pay;
A debt acknowledg'd in this lay;
An' here, wi' him, thro' ages lang,
His trees ſhall flouriſh in my ſang.
Weel than, ae bonnie ſimmer night,
Whan juſt departin' was the light;
The *Bat* wheel'd round in airie rings,
An' ſkimm'd the pool, wi' leather wings;
Poor *Maukin*, down the mountain-ſide,
Right tim'rous, to the clayer hied;
Aſt on her way ſhe ſlapt, in doubt,
Prick'd up her lugs, an' glower'd about;
Hid 'mang the graſs, the *Patrick* ſat,
Hearſe, ſcraichin', on his abſent mate;
The *Herd* ſlade cannie to his cot.——
But, ſtap!—I hae my tale forgot:
Weel, that I may my fable bigg,
Look on yon *Ash-tree's* tapmaiſt twig,
A *Mavis* ſits, and wi' her ſang
Hails e'ening, ſnoovin' ſlaw alang;
Echo repeats the tuneſu' lays,
Faint, diein' 'mang the quiverin' ſprays.—
But on yon *Elm-tree* near, at hand,
A *Howlet* taks his nightlie ſtand;
A ſolemn, four-fac'd crabbit creature,
Proud, ſpiteſu', ſplenetic, by nature.
He ſees the *Mavis* ſtrain his throat,
An' hears his mellow, meltin' note,
That note his envious boſom ſtingin',
Pride whiſpers, 'Conquer him at ſingin'.
To ding the *Mavis* he begins,
His tongue in horrid ſcreamins rins;
Echo, affrighted, roars; the ſwain
Predicts a ſtorm to ſpoil his grain;
The drearie night mair drearie looks,
In deeper murmers ſound the brooks,
The howlin' blaſt moans thro' the woods,
The halo'd moon gleams dim wi' clouds.—
The *Mavis* hears the twangin' ſound,
The notes his finer feelins wound;
The diſcord, dinlin' thro' his head,
St ikes little warbler maiſtlie dead;
To ſhun the noiſe he wings his way,
An' perches on ſome neebourin' ſpray.

The *Howlet* ſees him leave his tree,
An', wow! a prideſu' elf is he!
Looks vera big, an' wi a ſtare
O' ſelf-conceit, thus greets the air:—
Gae, *Mavis*! gae: nae mair appear
To try your numbers, whan I'm near!
Fool! to compare your voice wi' mine!—
Nae doubt, ye'll now wi' envy pine.—
Tho' pity ſcarcelie is your due,
Yet, this owrcome I pity you
Your ſlight, fae timelie, ſhaws at leaſt
Some grains o' gumption in your breaſt;
'Twas far mair prudent than to ſtay,
An' try me in a ſecond lay,
Whilk muſt hae prov'd, in ſpite o' fate,
Onlie a ſecond ſad defeat.—
He ſaid, an' ſcream'd: the hills rebound,
An' horror breathes in ilka ſound.
You, to whaſe pows heav'n has decreed
A maiſt enormous lade o' lead;
An' dulneſs granted, right or wrong,
A volubilitie o' tongue;
An' Impudence beſtow'd the right
T' attack ilk diſpute-hatin' wight;
Whan to the combat ye appear,
An' auld an' young abſcond for fear,
Your little heart, leſt pride ſhould rule it,
Read owre the *Mavis* an' the *Howlet*.

Inverleithen. *J. N.*

For the Edinburgh Magazine.

SONG TO MISS P-- M--Y.

Tune—Bonny Dundee

THE cock-crow is over, the grey dappled morning
Has wak'd ilka ſongſter, in brake, buſh, and tree,
Gold, crimſon, and purple, the ſky is adorning,
To welcome the ſun—look, he's up on the ſea.

The waves are all glowing, a thouſand ſuns dancing,
The fiſhes are ſporting to hail the young day:
The gulls o'er the billows like light'ning are glancing,
Our ſhadows grow ſhorter, dear laſſie, away.—

Come trip o'er the meadow, the morning breathes ſweetly
The beach here is ſandy, the ſea ſmooth and clear,
Now bathing, now floating, 'tis pleaſure completely,
Sport on, my dear laſſie, no danger is near.

O! Life, pure and happy, applauded by reaſon;
The beauties of nature how ſweet to purſue,
Our pleaſures to vary with each changing ſeaſon,
While conſcience approving brings joys ever new——

All hail, ſweet retirement, how much do I pity
The vot'ries of faſhion, their buſtle and noiſe
Ah who would be willingly mew'd in a city,
When rural amuſements can yield us ſuch joys.

To wander by moonlight, to ſmile without danger,
From envy, pride, folly, and calumny free,

To

To greet with kind wiſhes, each neighbour and ſtranger,
Are pleaſures congenial to this iſle—and me.

ALIENA.

CAROLINE.

BY MR CAMPBELL, AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

I'LL bid the hyacinth to blow,
I'll teach my grotto green to be;
And ſing my true-love all below
The holly-bow'r and myrtle tree.

There all his wild-wood ſcents to bring,
The ſweet ſouth-wind ſhall wander by,
And with the muſic of his wing
Delight my ruſtling canopy.

Come to my cloſe and cluſt'ring bow'r,
Thou ſpirit of a milder clime,
Freſh with the dews of fruit and flow'r
Of mountain-heath, and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
Sweet comrade of the roſy day,
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
Or cuckow's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has play'd,
Whatever iſles of ocean fann'd,
Come to my bloſſom-woven ſhade,
Thou wand'ring wind of fairy land.

For ſure from ſome enchanted iſle
Where heav'n and love their ſabbath hold,
Where pure and happy ſpirits ſmile
Of beauty's faireſt, brighteſt mould.

From ſome green Eden of the deep,
Where pleaſure's ſigh alone is heav'd,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endear'd undoubting, undeceiv'd.

From ſome ſweet paradiſe a far,
Thy muſic wanders, diſtant, loſt—
Where nature lights her leading ſtar,
And love is never, never croſs'd.

Oh gentle gale of Eden bow'rs,
If back thy roſy feet ſhould roam,
To revel with the cloudleſs hours
In nature's more propitious home.

Name to thy lov'd elyſian groves,
That o'er enchanted ſpirits twine,
A fairer form than cherub loves,
And let the name be *Caroline*.

OMAR AT THE TOMB OF AZZA.

BY GEORGE GOODWIN.

ROSES! alas, in vain ye bloom!
In vain your rubied bloſſoms glow,
Azza is dead! and o'er her tomb,
The night-wind glides in murmurs low.

Almond! in vain thy drops of light,
Hang quivering on the nectar'd gale;
Dim are thoſe gems that once ſo bright,
With melting radiance charm'd the vale.

For me in vain the ambroſial ſhow'rs,
Pregnant with liquid life deſcend;
For me, in vain th' panting flowers,
Reviv'd, their fragrant boſoms bend.

In vain for me the Tamarinds wave
Their ſhadowy branches o'er yon hill;
Azza is dead! and from her grave,
A thouſand flowers freſh ſweets diſtill.

Light of my ſoul! my Azza's dead,
Wild flaſh my eyes with phrenzied fire,
Joy ſmiles no more, each hope is fled,
Grief blights the bloſſoms of deſire!

Who has not ſeen her yellow hair,
Soft lingering on the conſcious gale?
Who has not mark'd her form ſo fair,
Oft glide along the Alurian vale?

Who has not ſeen thoſe dark black eyes,
Whoſe liquid cryſtal gleam'd with love,
Who has not heard her fragrant ſighs,
While rambling in the palm-tree grove?

Sweet moon! alas, thy tranquil beam,
Now riſing o'er the cloudy ſteeps,
With mellowing luſtre gilds the ſtream,
That murmurs wild where Azza ſleeps.

Oh! it was ſweet with her to rove,
And mark thy tremulous luſtre play,
On the green hill, the citron grove,
And ſing the tranſient hours away.

Oh! it was ſweet beneath thy light,
While gazing on her brilliant eyes,
To catch the odorous gale of night,
That ſtole its ſweets from Azza's ſighs!

Then, lovely moon! I bleſs'd thy beams,
Gaz'd on her form, by her careſs'd;
Love revell'd then in golden dreams,
And, oh! what tranſport ſwell'd my breaſt!

Then ſilver moon! ſwift fled the hours,
Love warbled loud his ſweeteſt lay,
Joy deck'd our brows with laughing flowers,
And rapture pour'd his brighteſt ray!

But now, alas! I rove alone,
Blanch'd is my cheek, and dim my eye,
Echo repeats each heartfelt groan,
And murmurs every burning ſigh.

He ſigh'd no more; the dews of night
Fell on his cheek ſo cold and pale,
The ſorrowing moon withdrew her light,
And darkneſs mourn'd along the vale!

Soon as the ſun diſpell'd the gloom,
And flaſh'd upon the eaſtern wave,
The Alurian youths bewail'd his doom,
And Omar rear'd his Azza's grave.

The love-eyed Gazels ſport along,
Where now the youthful beauties ſleep;

The

The camel-drivers ceaſe their ſong,
And o'er their mingled aſhes weep!

And often as the pale moon hangs
Her full-orb'd beauty midſt the ſkies,
The Alurian maids rehearſe the pangs,
That clos'd the faithful Omar's eyes.

And as in ſilver tones they ſing
That ſhe was lovely, he was brave,
They kiſs the ſweeteſt flowers of ſpring;
And ſtrew them o'er the lovers grave.

The ambroſial kiſs of beauty glows,
And gives new fragrance to each flower;
Their gems of grief empearl the roſe,
And add freſh life to beauty's power.

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Monthly Regiſter for Auguſt 1801.

INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTES.

Downing Street July 21. 1801.

Diſpatches, of which the following are copies, have been this day received at the office of the Right Hon. Lord Hawkeſbury,

bury, his Majeſty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, from the Earl of Elgin and Major Holloway.

Imperial Ottoman Camp of the Grand Vizier, Benulbaſſer, May 20, 1801.

My Lord,

I Had the honour of addreſſing your Lordſhip on the 2d May from Salahich; which place his Highneſs the Grand Vizier left the 7th, and the following day arrived at Belbeis, where the advanced corps of his army had been encamped for ſome time before.

On the 15th inſtant, his Highneſs received intelligence that the enemy had early that morning marched a conſiderable force from Cairo on the road towards Belbeis, where his Highneſs was then encamped. In the evening, a further confirmation of this intelligence was brought, when the enemy was in full march. The Vizier, after dark, ordered Tahir Pacha with 3000 cavalry, and three light field-pieces, to advance to meet them, and, if a favourable opportunity offered, during the obſcurity of the night, to attack; if not, to impede their progreſs as much as poſſible. About ten o'clock at night they met, three leagues from camp, when each halted and lay on their arms during the night, and until eight o'clock in the morning, at which time Tahir Pacha commenced an attack. He was ſoon after re-inforced by 1500 cavalry. It was now found the enemy had come forward with about fourteen pieces of artillery, 600 cavalry, and 4000 infantry. His Highneſs therefore ordered Mehemmed Pacha to move forward with 5000 men, cavalry and Albanian infantry, and nine light field-pieces; the enemy had eight-pounders in the field. His Highneſs afterwards advanced himſelf, and took the command, which was attended with the happieſt effect.

The enemy moved into a wood of date trees, where they were attacked by the cavalry and infantry with great ſpirit for three hours, when the enemy retired from the wood, taking poſition on the plain, their left to the wood, and forming a hollow ſquare on the right. The Albanian infantry advanced to the edge of the wood, and in this ſituation galled them conſiderably; and upon the Turkiſh cavalry threatening their right, they changed poſition, and attempted to gain the heights, in which they were prevented by a rapid movement of cavalry, who gained the ſummit. In this manœuvre they were annoyed by two guns, which were advanced by his Highneſs on the occaſion. At this time the French commenced a decided retreat, and were driven beyond El Hanka, a diſtance not leſs than ſeven miles from the place of the firſt operations. The Grand Vizier, who had commanded his troops with great gallantry and prompt deciſion, then gave orders for them not to purſue any further. The loſs on either ſide for the time they were engaged was ſmall. The Turks had about thirty killed and eighty wounded. The French I think had about fifty killed and one priſoner; the number of their wounded could not be aſcertained, as they took them off the field.

The Turkiſh forces engaged on this occaſion did not at any time exceed nine thouſand.

Whilſt I was congratulating his Highneſs in the field of battle on the ſucceſs of the day, we received additional ſatisfaction by the arrival of the intelligence of the capture of Fort Leſbie at Damietta, and two ſmaller forts depending on it, by a detachment from the Vizier's army. I had the honour of acquainting your Lordſhip, in my letter of the 2d May, that his Highneſs intended ſending a force againſt Damietta. This intention he carried into effect on the 6th, by ordering Ibrahim Pacha, with 2,500 men, and five pieces of artillery, to march immediately for that purpoſe: and it appears by Ibrahim Pacha's report to the Vizier, that every arrangement had been made for the attack of Fort Leſbie on the morning of the 14th inſtant, when it was diſcovered that the fort was evacuated, and the garriſon had retired.

I beg leave to inform your Lordſhip, that during the action of the 16th inſt. myſelf and Major Hope, of the Royal Artillery, were in the field with the Grand Vizier, Captain Lacey of the Royal Engineers with Mehemmed Pacha, and Captain Leake of the Royal Artillery with Tahir Pacha, to render every aſſiſtance in our power.

The combined forces under Major-General Hutchinſon and the Captain Pacha, are about five hours diſtance in the Delta, but are expected here in a day

day or two. I received a letter from the General this morning, who informs me he has taken a convoy of Five Hundred and Fifty Camels, and Six Hundred French priſoners.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) CHARLES HOLLOWAY,
Major Commandant, &c.

Conſtantinople, June 21, 1801.

MY LORD,

I have the moſt ſincere ſatisfaction in forwarding to your Lordſhip the inclоſed diſpatch from Lieutenant-Colonel Holloway.

The modeſt and unaſſuming manner in which this deſerving Officer has mentioned himſelf and the Britiſh under his orders, impoſes upon me the obligation of ſtating to your Lordſhip, what I had learnt by their private communications to me from Jaffa and Gaza, that as ſoon as the determination was formed for the Vizier to advance into Egypt, Lieutenant-Colonel Holloway propoſed that diſtribution of the Turkiſh army, and that order of march, which have effectually enſured this unlooked-for ſucceſs over the French. The advanced guard was compoſed of a ſelect body of cavalry under Tahir Pacha, and of Albanian infantry under Mehemet Pacha; the firſt, accompanied by Captain Leake, the ſecond, by Captain Lacey, each receiving their orders from Colonel Holloway, who remained near the perſon of the Vizier.

It is by this well combined diſpoſition, by the endeavours which were ſtrenuouſly exerciſed to prevail upon this corps to diſembarraſs themſelves of their ſuperfluous attendants, and by giving confidence to the Turks in their own means, that Colonel Holloway has been enabled to bring theſe troops to keep in check, during many hours, a French army of ſuperior force—to counteract its plans—to attack it—to ſeize every advantage of its poſitions and of ground, and, after manœuvring with ſcience, during ſeven hours, to repulſe it with loſs, and gain a complete victory. In the account which the Vizier has ſent of this action to the Porte, his Highneſs ſpeaks in the higheſt terms of the ſervice done by the artillery, which Major Hope is well known to be ſo very capable of directing.

(Signed) *Elgin.*

Downing Street, July 21.

A diſpatch, of which the following is a copy, has been this day received at the office of the Right Hon. Lord Hobart, one of his Majeſty's Principal Secretaries of State, from Lieut. Gen the Hon. Sir John Hely Hutchinſon, K B. commanding his Majeſty's forces in Egypt.

Head Quarters, Camp, near Alkam, June 1, 1801.

MY LORD,

I have the honour to inform your Lordſhip, that the French abandoned the poſition of El Aſt, on the 7th of May, which we occupied the ſame evening, and on the 9th we advanced to Rahmanich, where the French were poſted with upwards of 3000 infantry and 800 cavalry. We at firſt imagined that they might have endeavoured to have maintained that poſition, but our corps on the eaſtern bank of the Nile having got into their rear, took the fort of Rahmanich in reverſe, which probably induced the enemy to retire in the night between the 9th and 10th, leaving a garriſon in the fort, which ſurrendered in the morning, amounting to 110 men, commanded by a Chef de Brigade; we alſo took the ſame day, about fifty cavalry and three officers coming from Alexandria.

As the enemy retired towards Cairo, it became neceſſary to follow them, in order to cover the army of the Grand Vizier, and to ſecure a junction with the expected reinforcement from India.

Nothing happened of any importance until the 14th, when we fell in with a valuable convoy of Germs on the Nile. They had come from Cairo down the canal of Menouff, which joins the Damietta and Roſetta branches of the river. From this circumſtance, they knew nothing of the retreat of General La Grange from Rahmanich. About one hundred and fifty priſoners fell into our hands, and ſeveral heavy guns, ſome of them intended for the defence of Alexandria. The convoy in itſelf was very valuable, and is a great loſs to the enemy. We found on board all kinds of clothing, wine, ſpirits, &c. &c. and about five thouſand pounds in money.

On the 17th, when encamped at Alkam, we were informed by the Arabs, that a conſiderable body of French, coming from Alexandria were advancing,

cing toward the Nile, near the ſpot where the boats of the Capitan Pacha then were. The cavalry were immediately ordered out, with two pieces of cannon, under the command of Brigadier General Doyle, ſupported by his brigade of infantry. Colonel Cavalier, who commanded the French convoy, as ſoon as he perceived the boats of the Capitan Pacha, ſuſpected that our army muſt be near, and therefore retired into the Deſert, where we followed him. The cavalry came up with him after a march of about three hours. A flag of truce was ſent to them by Major Wilſon of the Hompeſch, requiring them to ſurrender on condition that their private property ſhould be reſpected, and that they ſhould be ſent to France by the firſt convenient opportunity. With theſe terms they complied, and laid down their arms. They amounted in all to about Six hundred men, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, together, with a conſiderable portion of the Dromedary Corps, one four-pounder, and five hundred and fifty camels. The priſoners are all Frenchmen, and of the beſt troops they had in Egypt.

On the 17th of May the enemy retired from the fort of Liſbet, on the Damietta branch, and formed a junction with about 200 men which they had at Burlos; this fort they alſo evacuated, and embarked in 5 ſmall veſſels, 4 of which have been taken and carried into Aboukir Bay; the 5th endeavoured to eſcape towards Cyprus; but a Turkiſh frigate was left in chace of her, ſo that it is more than probable ſhe has ſhared the ſame fate.

The garriſons of the two forts conſiſted of about 700 men; ſo that in all we have taken, from the 9th to the 20th, near 1600 men, which makes a conſiderable diminution of the enemy's forces in this country.

The French made a moſt extraordinary rapid march from Rahmanich to Gezah, where they arrived on the 13th, and immediately croſſed the river to Boulac.

On the 15th, they marched to attack the Grand Vizier's Army. His highneſs anticipated their intention, and made a forward movement with a conſiderable body of cavalry on the night between the 15th and 16th. The armies remained for ſome hours in the preſence of each other, when the Ottoman troops attacked at about 8 o'clock in the morning, and after an action of 7 hours, the French retired, having loſt between 3 and 400 men killed and wounded. They were nearly the ſame people who had retreated from Rahmanich, and were about Four thouſand, or Four thouſand five hundred men.

I congratulate your Lordſhip upon the event of this very important action; I have alſo much pleaſure in informing you, that the Mamelukes, under the orders of Oſman Bey, (ſucceſſor of Murad Bey,) have joined us, to the amount of about Fifteen hundred cavalry, inferior, certainly, to none in the world. I am ſanguine enough to hope that the moſt ſerious good effects will ariſe from this junction, as they have a moſt intimate knowledge of the country, and the greateſt influence amongſt the inhabitants.

I incloſe you the Capitulation of the Fort of Rahmanich, and alſo a return of the killed and wounded on the 9th of May, which I rejoice has been ſo very inconſiderable.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) *J. Hely Hutchinson.*

Fort of Rahmanich, May 10.

The garriſon of the Fort of Rahmanich will ſurrender to the Ottoman and Britiſh Forces, on the following conditions:

I. The officers ſhall wear their ſwords and retain their effects. They, as well as the ſoldiers ſhall be priſoners of war. —Granted.

II. The garriſon ſhall be ſent back to France, and ſhall not ſerve againſt the King of England, nor againſt his allies, until exchanged conformably to the cartel between the two nations.—Granted.

III. The wounded are placed under the protection of Britiſh humanity.

(Signed) *La Croix*, Chef de Brigade, *Capitan Pacha*,
J. Hely Hutchinson, Major-Gen. commanding in Chief,
James Stevenson, Captain, R. Navy.

Rahmanich, May 9.

Return of the Killed and Wounded of the Army under the Command of the Hon. Major-Gen. Hutchinson.

11th Light Dragoons—1 horſe killed; 1 ſerjeant, 1 rank and file, 4 horſes, wounded.

12th

12th Ditto.—6 horſes, killed.
26th Ditto.—2 horſes killed; 1 officer, wounded.
Royal Artillery.—1 horſe killed; 2 officers, 3 rank and file, 1 horſe, wounded.
Royals—3 rank and file, wounded.
8th Foot.—2 rank and file, wounded.
58th Foot.—1 rank and file, wounded.
79th Foot.—1 officer, 1 rank and file, wounded.
89th Foot.—1 drummer, 4 rank and file killed; 1 drummer, 7 rank and file, wounded.
Total.—1 drummer, 4 rank and file, 10 horſes, killed; 4 officers, 1 ſerjeant, 1 drummer, 18 rank and file, 5 horſes, wounded.

Names of Officers wounded.

26th Light Dragoons.—Capt. King.
Royal Artillery.—Lieut.-Col. Thompſon; Captain Adye.
79th Foot.—Capt. Macdouall.

(Signed) JOHN ABERCROMBY,
Dep. Adjutant General.

P. S. A letter has juſt reached me from Lieutenant-Col. Murray, dated Coſſire, the 14th of May, informing me of his arrival with the firſt diviſion of the Bombay detachment of troops, and that he was in daily expectation of Gen. Baird with the remainder.

Admiralty-Office, July 18.

Copy of a letter from the Hon. William Cornwallis, Admiral of the Blue, &c. to Evan Nepean, Eſq. dated off Uſhant the 13d inſtant.

SIR,

I have the honour of incloſing, for the information of the Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty, a letter from Capt. Briſbane, of his Majeſty's ſhip the Doris, who commands the frigates employed in watching the enemy's fleet at the entrance of Breſt harbour, in which important ſervice he has ſhewn a great deal of zeal and enterpriſe.

This daring exploit appears to me to ſtand as high in point of credit to his Majeſty's arms, and glory to thoſe brave officers and men who have ſo nobly atchieved it, as any of the kind ever performed.

I have the honour to be, &c.
W. Cornwallis.

SIR, *Doris, off St Mathew's, July 12.*

I have the honour to inform you, that a moſt daring and gallant enterpriſe was laſt night undertaken by the boats of his Majeſty's ſhips Doris, Beaulieu, and Uranie, entirely manned by Volunteers, under the direction of Lieutenant Loſack of the Ville de Paris, whoſe gallantry on the occaſion is better felt than expreſſed, who ſucceeded in boarding and carrying the French national ſhip La Chevrette, mounting 20 guns, manned and completely equipped with 350 men, under the batteries in the Bay of Cameret, and in the preſence of the Combined Fleets of France and Spain.

Any comments of mine would fall far ſhort of the merit due to thoſe gallant Officers, Seamen, and Marines employed upon this ſervice: It is but juſtice to ſubjoin their names and qualities *, who have ſo nobly added an additional luſtre to his Majeſty's Arms.

I have moſt ſincerely to regret the loſs of the killed and wounded, but when compared with that of the enemy, it is comparatively ſmall. I cannot conclude without returning my warmeſt thanks to Captains Poyntz and Gage for their judicious arrangements of their boats. I beg to mention that Capt. Jervis, of his Majeſty's ſhip Robuſt, very handſomely ſent his barge and pinnace on this ſervice; likewiſe Lieut. Spencer, who placed his Majeſty's hired cutter Telemachus in the Goulet, and prevented any aſſiſtance, by boats, the enemy might have attempted.

I am, &c. *C. Briſbane.*

A Liſt of the Killed, Wounded, and Miſſing, in the boats of his Majeſty's ſhips Doris, Beaulieu, Uranie, and Robuſt.

Doris.—Lieutenant Burke, dangerouſly wounded; Mr Crofton, midſhipman; and 16 ſeamen wounded.
Beaulieu.—Lieut. Sinclair of marines, 6 ſeamen, and 2 marines, killed. Mr Philips, maſter's mate; Mr Byrne, and Mr Finoris, midſhipmen, with 13 ſeamen, and 2 marines, wounded.
Uranie.—One ſeamen killed. Lieut. Neville and 10 ſeamen wounded, two dangerouſly (ſince dead); and 7 marines wounded; one miſſing, ſuppoſed to

* *Ville de Paris.*—Lieut. Loſack.
Doris.—Lieuts. Roſs, Croſbe, Clarke, and Burke; Lieut. Roſe of the marines.
Beaulieu.—Lieut. Maxwell; Acting Lieut. Paſley; Lieut. Sinclair of the marines.
Uranie.—Lieut. Neville, and ſeveral midſhipmen from the different ſhips.

to be drowned in the boats that ſunk.

Robuſt.—Mr Warren, midſhipman, killed, and 3 ſeamen, wounded.

Total.—11 killed, 57 wounded, and 1 miſſing.

Liſt of the Killed and Wounded on board La Chevrette.

Firſt Captain, 2 Lieutenants, 3 midſhipmen, one Lieutenant of the troops, with 85 ſeamen and troops, killed. One Lieutenant, 4 midſhipmen, with 57 ſeamen and troops, wounded.

C. Briſbane.

Admiralty-Office, Aug. 1.

Copy of a letter from Rear-Admiral Sir James Saumarez, to Evan Nepean, Eſq. dated on board his Majeſty's ſhip Cæſar, at Gibraltar, the 6th July, 1801.

SIR,

I have to requeſt you will be pleaſed to inform my Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty, that, conformably to my letter of yeſterday's date, I ſtood thro' the Streights, with his Majeſty's ſquadron under my orders, with the intention of attacking three French line-of-battle ſhips and a frigate that I had received information of being at anchor off Algeziras; on opening Cabareta Point, I found the ſhips lay at a conſiderable diſtance from the enemy's batteries, and having a leading wind up to them, afforded every reaſonable hope of ſucceſs in the attack.

I had previouſly directed Capt. Hood, in the Venerable, from his experience and knowledge of the anchorage, to lead the ſquadron, which he executed with his accuſtomed gallantry, and although it was not intended he ſhould anchor, he found himſelf under the neceſſity ſo to do, from the wind's failing, (a circumſtance ſo much to be apprehended in this country,) and to which circumſtance I have to regret the want of ſucceſs in this well-intended enterpriſe! Capt. Stirling anchored oppoſite to the inner ſhip of the enemy, and brought the Pompee to action in the moſt ſpirited and gallant manner, which was alſo followed by the commanders of every ſhip in the ſquadron.

Captains Darby and Ferris, owing to light winds, were prevented for a conſiderable time from coming into action; at length the Hannibal getting a breeze, Capt. Ferris had the moſt favourable proſpect of being alongſide one of the enemy's ſhips, when the Hannibal unfortunately took the ground, and I am extremely concerned to acquaint their Lordſhips, that after having made every poſſible effort with this ſhip and the Audacious, to cover her from the enemy, I was under the neceſſity to make ſail, being at that time only three cables length from one of the enemy's batteries.

My thanks are particularly due to all the Captains, Officers, and Men under my orders; and although their endeavours have not been crowned with ſucceſs, I truſt the thouſands of ſpectators from his Majeſty's Garriſon, and alſo the ſurrounding coaſt, will do juſtice to their valour and intrepidity, which was not to be checked by the fire from the numerous batteries, however formidable, that ſurround Algeziras.

I feel it incumbent upon me to ſtate to their Lordſhips the great merits of Capt. Brenton, of the Cæſar, whoſe cool judgment and intrepid conduct, I will venture to pronounce, were never ſurpaſſed. I alſo beg leave to recommend to their Lordſhips notice my Flag-Lieutenant Mr Philip Dumareſq, who has ſerved with me from the commencement of this war, and is a moſt deſerving Officer. Mr Lamborne and the other Lieutenants are alſo intitled to great praiſe, as well as Capt. Maxwell of the Marines, and the Officers of his corps ſerving on board the Cæſar.

The enemy's ſhips conſiſted of two of 84 guns, and one of 74, with a large frigate; two of the former are aground, and the whole are rendered unſerviceable.

I cannot cloſe this letter without rendering the moſt ample juſtice to the great bravery of Capt. Ferris: the loſs in his ſhip muſt have been very conſiderable both in officers and men; but I have the ſatisfaction to be informed, that his Majeſty has not loſt ſo valuable an Officer. I am, &c.

James Saumarez.

The Hon. Capt. Dundas, of his Majeſty's poleacre the Calpe, made his veſſel as uſeful as poſſible, and kept up a ſpirited fire on one of the enemy's batteries. I have alſo to expreſs my approbation of Lieut. Janverin, commander of the gun boats, who, having joined me with intelligence, ſerved as volunteer on board the Cæſar.

Copy

Copy of a letter from Rear-Admiral Sir James Saumarez, dated on board his Majeſty's ſhip Cæſar, Gibraltar Mole, 10th July 1801, to Evan Nepean, Eſq.

SIR,

I herewith incloſe the copy of a letter from Capt. Ferris, of his Majeſty's late ſhip Hannibal, which I requeſt you will pleaſe to lay before their Lordſhips; and I have only to expreſs my deep regret that his well-meant endeavours to bring his ſhip to cloſe action ſhould have occaſioned ſo ſevere a loſs.

J. Saumarez.

SIR, *Algeziras, July 7 1801.*

I have little more to tell you of the fate of his Majeſty's ſhip Hannibal than yourſelf muſt have obſerved, only, that from the number of batteries and ſhips, gun-boats, &c. we had to encounter, our guns ſoon got knocked up; and I found it was impoſſible to do any thing either for the preſervation of the ſhip or for the good of the ſervice, our boats, ſails, rigging, and ſprings being all ſhot away; and having ſo many killed and wounded, which will appear by the annexed liſt, I thought it prudent to ſtrike, and thereby preſerve the lives of the brave men that remained.

Had I been ſucceſsful in the view before me, previous to the ſhip's taking the ground, my praiſes of the conduct of my officers and ſhip's company could not have exceeded their merits; but I have, notwithſtanding, the ſatisfaction to ſay, that every order was obſerved and carried into execution with that promptitude and alacrity becoming Britiſh Officers and Seamen. I am, &c.

S. Ferris.

A liſt of the killed and wounded on board his Majeſty's ſhips under the command of Rear-Admiral Sir James Samarez, Bart. in the attack of the French ſquadron and Spaniſh batteries in Algeziras Bay, the 6th of July 1801.

Cæſar.—William Grave, 6 ſeamen, 2 marines, killed; George William Forſter, boatſwain, 17 ſeamen, 1 boy, 6 marines, wounded; Richard Beſt, Maſter's-mate, 7 ſeamen, miſſing.—Total 42.

Pompee.—Mr Roxburgh, maſter, Mr Steward, midſhipman, 10 ſeamen, 3 marines, killed; Richard Cheeſman, Arthur Stapledon, and Thomas Innes, Lieutenants, Mr Curry, and Mr Hillier, maſter's-mates, J. Hibberd, midſhipman, 53 ſeamen, 10 marines, wounded. Total 84.

Spencer.—R. Spencer, volunteer, (1ſt claſs,) 5 ſeamen, killed; Joſ. Chatterton, midſhipman, 23 ſeamen, 3 marines, wounded. Total 33.

Venerable.—W. Gibbons, midſhipman, 7 ſeamen, killed; Silveſter Auſtin, and Martin Collins, midſhipmen, 20 ſeamen, 3 marines, wounded. Total 33.

Hannibal.—J. D. Williams, firſt Lieutenant of marines, David Lindſey, Captain's clerk, 68 ſeamen, 5 marines, killed; Lieutenant J. Turner, J. Wood, maſter, A. Dudgeon, midſhipman, George Dunford, Lieutenant of marines, 44 ſeamen, 14 marines, wounded, 6 ſeamen, miſſing. Total 143.

Audacious.—8 ſeamen, killed; J. W. Day, Lieutenant of Marines, 25 ſeamen, 6 marines, wounded. Total 40.

Total -375 killed, wounded, and miſſing.

(Signed) *J. Saumarez.*

Copy of a Letter from Capt. Bland, of his Majeſty's ſhip Heureux, to Rear Admiral Sir John Thomas Duckworth, K. B.

His Majeſty's ſhip L'Heureux,

SIR, *Barbadoes, May 31.*

Cruiſing, according to your orders, for the protection of our commerce, and the annoyance of the enemy, his Majeſty's ſhip under my command captured, on the morning of the 28th inſt. 80 leagues to windward of this iſland, after a chace of 16 hours, and a running fight which ſhe maintained for 3 hours, in hopes to eſcape, the French national ſchooner L' Egypte, of 16 guns and 103 men. She is copper-bottomed, and ſaid to be the faſteſt ſailing veſſel out of Guadaloupe, from which iſland ſhe had ſailed 13 days, and had not made a capture. I am, Sir, &c.

Loftus Otway Bland.

London Gazette Extraordinary, Aug. 3.

Admiralty Office, Aug. 3.

Lieutenant Philip Dumareſq, of his Majeſty's ſhip Cæſar, arrived laſt night with diſpatches from Rear-Admiral Sir James Saumarez. Bart. of which the following are copies:

Cæſar, off Cape Trafalgar,

SIR, *July 14, 1801.*

It has pleaſed the Almighty to crown the exertions of this ſquadron with the moſt

moſt deciſive ſucceſs over the enemies of their country.

The three French line-of-battle ſhips, diſabled in the action of the 6th inſt. off Algeziras, were, on the 8th, reinforced by a ſquadron of five Spaniſh line-of-battle ſhips under the command of Don Juan Joaquin de Moreno, and a French ſhip of 74 guns, wearing a broad pendant, beſides three frigates, and an incredible number of gun-boats and other veſſels, and got under ſail yeſterday morning, together with his Majeſty's late ſhip Hannibal, which they had ſucceeded in getting off the ſhoal on which ſhe ſtruck.

I almoſt deſpaired of having a ſufficient force in readineſs to oppoſe to ſuch numbers, but, through the great exertions of Capt. Brenton, the officers and men belonging to the Cæſar, the ſhip was in readineſs to warp out of the Mole yeſterday morning, and got under weigh immediately after, with all the ſquadron, except the Pompée, which ſhip had not time to get in her maſts.

Confiding in the zeal and intrepidity of the officers and men I had the happineſs to ſerve with, I determined, if poſſible, to obſtruct the paſſage of this very powerful force to Cadiz. Late in the evening I obſerved the enemy's ſhips to have cleared Cabareta Point, and at eight I bore up with the ſquadron to ſtand after them. His Majeſty's ſhip Superb being ſtationed a-head of the Cæſar, I directed Capt. Keats, to make ſail, and attack the ſternmoſt ſhips in the enemy's rear, uſing his endeavours to keep in ſhore of them.—At eleven the Superb opened her fire cloſe to the enemy's ſhips, and on the Cæſar's coming up and preparing to engage a three-decker that had hauled her wind, ſhe was perceived to have taken fire, and the flames having communicated to a ſhip to leeward of her, both were ſeen in a blaze, and preſented a moſt awful ſight! No poſſibility exiſting of offering the leaſt aſſiſtance in ſo diſtreſſing a ſituation, the Cæſar paſſed to cloſe with the ſhip engaged by the Superb; but by the cool and determined fire kept upon her, which muſt ever reflect the higheſt credit on that ſhip, the enemy's ſhip was completely ſilenced, and ſoon after hauled down her colours.

The Venerable and Spencer having at this time come up, I bore up after the enemy, who were carrying a preſs of ſail, ſtanding out of the Straits, and loſt ſight of them during the night. It blew exceſſively hard till day-light, and in the morning the only ſhips in company were the Venerable and Thames a-head of the Cæſar, and one of the French ſhips at ſome diſtance from them, ſtanding towards the ſhoals of Conil, beſides the Spencer aſtern coming up.

All the ſhips immediately made ſail with a freſh-breeze, but, as we approached, the wind ſuddenly failing, the Venerable was alone able to bring her to action, which Capt. Hood did in the moſt gallant manner, and had nearly ſilenced the French ſhip, when his main-maſt (which had been before wounded) was unfortunately ſhot away, and it coming nearly calm, the enemy's ſhip was enabled to get off, without any poſſibility of following her.

The higheſt praiſe is due to Captain Hood, the officers and men of the Venerable, for their ſpirit and gallantry in the action, which intitled them to better ſucceſs. The French ſhip was an eighty-four, with additional guns on the gunwale.

This action was ſo near the ſhore, that the Venerable ſtruck on one of the ſhoals, but was ſoon after got off, and taken in tow by the Thames, but with the loſs of all her maſts.

The enemy's ſhips are now in ſight to the weſtward, ſtanding in for Cadiz. The Superb and Audacious, with the captured ſhip, are alſo in ſight, with the Carlotta Portugueze frigate, commanded by Captain Crawfurd Duncan, who very handſomely came out with the ſquadron, and has been of the greateſt aſſiſtance to Captain Keats, in ſtaying by the enemy's ſhip captured by the Superb.

I am proceeding with the ſquadron for Roſier Bay, and ſhall proceed the moment the ſhips are refitted to reſume my ſtation.

No praiſes that I can beſtow are adequate to the merits of the officers and ſhips companies of all the ſquadron, particularly for their unremitted exertions in refitting the ſhips at Gibraltar, to which, in a great degree, is to be aſcribed the ſucceſs of the ſquadron againſt the enemy.

Although the Spencer and Audacious had not the good fortune to partake of this action, I have no doubt of their exertion,

ertion, had they come up in time to cloſe with the enemy's ſhips.

My thanks are alſo due to Capt. Holles, of the Thames, and to the Hon. Capt. Dundas, of the Calpe, whoſe aſſiſtance was particularly uſeful to Capt. Keats in ſecuring the enemy's ſhip, and enabling the Superb to ſtand after the ſquadron, in caſe of having been enabled to renew the action.

I herewith incloſe the names of the enemy's ſhips. I am, &c.

J. Saumarez.

Liſt of the Spaniſh Squadron that arrived at Cadiz, from Ferrol, on the 25th of April, under the Command of Don Joaquin de Moreno, (Lieutenant-General,) as Vice Admiral, and proceeded to Algeziras Bay, the 9th of July, 1801.

Real Carlos, of 112 guns, Capt. Don J. Eſquerra.
San Hermenegildo, of 112 guns, Capt. Don J. Emparan.
San Fernando, of 94 gus, Capt. Don J. Malina.
Argonaut, of 80 guns, Capt. Don J. Harrera.
San Auguſtin, of 74 guns, Capt. Don R. Jopete.
San Antonio, of 74 guns, under French colours; taken by the Superb.
Wanton French lugger, of 12 guns.

The Admiral's ſhip the Real Carlos, and the San Hermenegildo, were the two ſhips that took fire and blew up.

(Signed) *J. Saumarez.*

Cæſar, off Cape Trafalgar,
July 14, 1801.

SIR,

I herewith incloſe, for their Lordſhips further information, the ſtatement I have received from Capt. Keats, to whom the greateſt praiſe is due for his gallant conduct on the ſervice alluded to.

Capt. Hood's merits are held in too high eſtimation to receive additional luſtre from any praiſes I can beſtow; but I only do juſtice to my own feelings when I obſerve, that in no inſtance have I known ſuperior bravery to that diſplayed by him on this occaſion.

I have the honour to be, &c.

J. Saumarez.

Superb, off Cape Trafalgar,
July 13. 1801.

SIR,

Purſuant to your directions to ſtate the particulars of the Superb's ſervices laſt night, I have the honour to inform you, that in conſequence of your directions to make ſail up and engage the ſternmoſt of the enemy's ſhips, at half paſt eleven I found myſelf a-breaſt of a Spaniſh three-decked ſhip (the Real Carlos, as appears by report of ſome ſurvivors,) which, having brought in one with two other ſhips nearly line a-breaſt, I opened my fire upon at not more than three cables length; this evidently produced good effect, as well in this ſhip as the others a-breaſt of her, which ſoon began firing on each other, and at times on the Superb.

In about a quarter of an hour, I perceived the ſhip I was engaging, and which had loſt her fore-top-maſt, to be on fire, upon which we inſtantly ceaſed to moleſt her, and I proceeded on to the ſhip next at hand, which proved to be the San Antonio, of 74 guns, and 730 men, commanded by the Chef de Diviſion Le Rey, under French colours, wearing a broad pendant, and manned nearly equally with French and Spaniſh ſeamen, and which, after ſome action, (the Chef being wounded) ſtruck her colours.

I learn from the very few ſurvivors of the ſhips that caught fire and blew up, (which, in an open boat reached the Superb at the time ſhe was taking poſſeſſion of the San Antonio) that in the confuſion of the action the Hermenegildo, (a Firſt Rate alſo) miſtaking the Real Carlos for an enemy, ran on board her, and ſhared her melancholy fate.

Services of this nature cannot well be expected to be performed without ſome loſs, but though we have to lament that Lieut E. Waller, and 14 ſeamen and marines have been wounded, moſt of them ſeverely, ſtill there is reaſon to rejoice, that that is the extent of our loſs.

I received able and active aſſiſtance from Mr Samuel Jackſon, the firſt lieutenant, and it is my duty to repreſent to you, that the officers of all deſcriptions, ſeamen and marines, conducted themſelves with the greateſt ſteadineſs and gallantry. I am, &c.

R. G. Keats.

(Here end the Gazettes.)

SCOTLAND.

EDINBURGH.

It is with pleaſure we obſerve, that the invaluable diſcovery of the VACCINE INOCULATION is daily becoming more popular,

popular, and its ſucceſs exceeds the moſt ſanguine expectations. Our Readers will with pleaſure read the following account from authority of its ſucceſs:

COW-POX INOCULATION.

At a quarterly meeting of the Managers of the Public Diſpenſary of Edinburgh, and of the Committee for promoting VACCINE INOCULATION, at that charitable eſtabliſhment, held on the 7th of Auguſt 1801, Dr Alexander Monro, ſen. Preſes, the following Report was preſented from the Surgeons.

Edinburgh, 7th Auguſt, 1801.

The Surgeons appointed to Inoculate for the Cow-Pox, at the Edinburgh Public Diſpenſary, beg leave to Report, to the Quarterly Meeting, that ſince February laſt, upwards of Three Hundred Children, of different ages, from ſix weeks, to twelve years, have been Inoculated by them for Cow-Pox, at the Diſpenſary; and that, in no inſtance has any untoward ſymptom appeared.

The Surgeons have been at conſiderable pains, in inveſtigating ſome reports, induſtriouſly circulated, in which it was affirmed, that ſeveral of the children, who had regularly gone through the Cow-Pox, were afterwards affected with Small-Pox, and they are happy to inform the Meeting, that, from this inveſtigation, they have the ſtrongeſt reaſon to believe theſe reports are entirely groundleſs. They have, on the contrary, found, that many of the children, Inoculated for Cow-Pox, at the Diſpenſary, have been freely and frequently expoſed to the contagion of Natural Small-Pox, without being infected by that diſeaſe.

The Surgeons have not obſerved, that this mild ailment is in any degree increaſed by the heat of the weather. They are therefore anxious that the Managers would again take ſome public mode of recommending to the Parents of ſuch children as are ſtill liable to be infected with SMALL-POX, to embrace the opportunity offered, for obtaining a certain defence againſt that loathſome diſeaſe, by having their children Inoculated for Cow-Pox; and this the rather, as the SMALL-POX are at this time prevalent, and very mortal in different parts of the City of Edinburgh.

(Signed) WM. FARQUHARSON.
JAS. BRYCE.

The above Report was unanimouſly approved of by the Meeting, and it was reſolved that it ſhould be publiſhed in ſome of the Newſpapers. The Meeting alſo beg leave to ſtate the following facts for the ſerious peruſal of thoſe who feel a proper affection for their offſpring, and who are deſirous of promoting their own intereſt and comfort, by preſerving the lives of their children.

1. Inoculation for the Cow-Pox has now been practiſed, for ſeveral years, with conſtant ſucceſs, in various parts of Britain. It is computed that in Britain, upwards of 100,000 have been ſubjected to this operation. And among all theſe, not one inſtance has occurred where death was clearly the conſequence of it. A few inſtances have indeed been mentioned, in which it has been alledged that the VACCINE diſeaſe has proved fatal. But theſe caſes were ſo peculiar in their circumſtances, as to give ſtrong reaſon to believe that the death was occaſioned by ſome other diſeaſe.

2. The Cow-Pox, when it goes regularly through its courſe, and affects the conſtitution as well as the arm, has never failed to prevent the infection of the Natural SMALL-POX.

3. It may be communicated with ſafety to perſons of every age and ſex, and at all times and ſeaſons of the year with equal advantage.

4. The Inoculated Cow-Pox is much preferable to the Inoculated SMALL-POX, as being a milder and ſafer diſeaſe, and not capable of infecting the perſons living in the ſame family, or even ſleeping in the ſame bed.

5. Neither ſwellings, blindneſs, lameneſs, nor any other complaints, which are known to be frequently the conſequence of Natural Small Pox, have ever been obſerved to follow the Cow-Pox, nor has it ever been known to ſcar or diſfigure the face.

6. Alarming fits not unfrequently ſeize children, when ſickening of the SMALL-POX, whether the contagion has been intentionally or accidentally communicated. But no ſuch objection lies againſt the Cow-Pox.

7. Delicate and ſickly children, are ſo far from being injured by this complaint, that their health is often improved by having paſſed through it.

8. The time of parents whoſe children are Inoculated for the Cow-Pox, will not be taken up, in attendance upon the ſick, to the injury of the ſupport of the reſt of the family; and to poor families,

milies, this is an object of no small importance.

Attendance is given at the Public Dispensary of Edinburgh, in Richmond Street, every Wednesday and Saturday, at one o'clock, when parents may have their children Inoculated for the Cow-Pox, and receive such advice and medicines as may be necessary, *without any expence to themselves.* Those therefore who suffer unjust prejudices to prevent their laying hold of the advantages now offered to them, by the Inoculation of the Cow-Pox, will neglect the performance of a duty which they owe to themselves, to their families, and to society at large. For it is certainly little less than criminal, to expose their helpless children, to the attack of so terrible and fatal a malady, as Small Pox, when it may be readily avoided, by the Inoculation of so mild, simple, and safe a disease as that of the Cow-Pox.

ALEX. MONRO, *Senior, M. D.*

Aug. 14. This day the annual Examination of the High School of Edinburgh took place. The young Gentlemen in the different Classes, went through their Exercises in a manner that did great honour to themselves and their masters. The gold medal, with a suitable inscription, the gift of Colonel Peter Murray, was adjudged to Sir George Clerk, of Pennycuick, Bart. Dux of the highest class.

The following most dreadful accident will, we hope, be a caution in future to all persons intrusted with the bathing of children, and put a stop to that barbarous method of plunging the little ones over head and ears, three or four times, without allowing them time to breathe. At Magdalen Yards, a little to the westward of Dundee, a woman from the country, about ten days since, bathing her infant in the sea, actually drowned it, in consequence of following the above practice.

The liberality of the Underwriters at Lloyd's Coffee-house, to all who merit their approbation, ought not to pass unnoticed. A large Silver Cup, of exquisite workmanship, value 170l. has been presented by those gentlemen to Capt. Hugh Crow, for his gallant conduct in defending the ship Will, of Liverpool, against a French privateer, on his voyage from Africa to the West Indies, the 21st February, 1800.

Accounts have been just received from the Baptist Missionaries in India, down to February 14, 1801. They are in good health, and Mr Thomas has joined the company at Serampoor, and Mr Carey's son has begun to preach. The New Testament, so far as respected the compositor's work, was completed at the above period, and must have been finished at the press in May last. Very considerable impressions of the truth of the Gospel have been made upon several Hindoos; two of them have been baptized, and several others have given in their names with that view. Loss of Cast has been the consequence, which having subjected them to great persecution from their countrymen, especially the Bramins, and being considered as worse than death, affords the best proof of their real conviction and sincerity. The converts are protected by the Danish Magistrates at Serampoor, and the Governor General of Bengal appears to be well satisfied with the proceedings of the Missionaries.—Several of our countrymen have closely attached themselves to the Missionaries, and a considerable subscription has been made for copies of the Bengalese Scriptures. Reports having been spread that the Hindoos were hired by a great sum of money to lose Cast, and to be baptized, Cressino, one of them, was asked by a person what he had got by it—"Nothing," said he "but peace and joy." Joymony, another Hindoo, said, that "She had found a treasure in Christ greater than every thing else in the world." The work is going on, and the Missionaries in high spirits.

The Bengal Indiaman, recently arrived from India, lost Mr Mitchell, her third officer, shortly after her quitting England, on her outward-bound passage, under the following circumstances:—Mr Mitchell, while employed in superintending the stowage of the cables in the tier, found himself much interrupted by the interference of the ship's poulterer, who, instead of repairing to his allotted station on the gun-deck, persisted in taking a share of duty for which he was by no means qualified. After various orders to quit the place, totally disregarded by the intruder, the officer was proceeding to enforce them in a more compulsory mode, when the other suddenly drawing his knife, aimed it with great violence at his heart: as it fell upon the ribs, the knife did not then penetrate,

penetrate, but he immediately made another and more ſucceſsful ſtab, which entering the ſtomach, proved mortal.—The murderer was ſeized, and has been ever ſince in irons on board the Bengal.

Maidſtone Aſſizes have elapſed without the trial of the celebrated Miſs Robertſon, of Blackheath. [See our laſt, p. 67.] That Lady is ſtill in Huntingdon goal: none of her frauds having amounted to what is criminal in a legal ſenſe. She certainly did give herſelf a falſe character; and ſhe by ſo doing has certainly obtained credit; but from the criminal code, as it now ſtands, her creditors have no redreſs to expect.

Price of Potatoes has fallen to Eightpence the peck in Edinburgh market. Quartern Loaf, 1s. 1d.

Aug. 16. During Divine Service in the afternoon, at the New Tabernacle, head of Leith Walk, part of an unfiniſhed ſeat in the Upper Gallery, on which ſome boys had ſeated themſelves, gave way, which made the audience believe that the whole fabric was going to fall, and in an inſtant, cauſed the people, who were very numerous, in every direction, to ruſh towards the doors. The conſequence was, that ſome hurrying to get out, fell, and others fell over them. The ſcene in the avenues that leads from the doors to the ſtreet, was ſhocking to ſee, old and young, piled one above another, to a conſiderable height, ſhrieking dreadfully, and numbers ruſhing over them. By the ſudden movement of the people in the galleries, and the extreme preſſure on the ſtairs, the ſufficiency of the galleries and ſtair-caſes were brought to a ſevere teſt. They were not, however, injured in the ſmalleſt degree. A woman had her leg broke. She was carried to the Royal Infirmary, and the leg being immediately ſet, ſhe is doing well. A man was much bruiſed in the head, and a great many others were conſiderably bruiſed. Several perſons loſt their Cloaks, Bonnets, Caps, Hats, Shoes, Wigs, &c. As ſoon as the real cauſe of alarm was known, and the diſturbance ſubſided, the ſervice was reſumed. There was ſermon in the evening, as uſual.

17. Mr Alexander Keſſock, farmer in Inglifton, ſent into Dumfries market a large quanity of good new oatmeal, of this year's crop, which was ſold at 3s. 6d. per ſtone.—The harveſt is general in that neighbourhood, and the crops moſt abundant.

AUTUMN CIRCUITS.

WEST.—LORD JUSTICE CLERK and LORD METHVEN.

Inverary,	- -	Wedneſday, Sept. 2.
Glaſgow,	- -	Monday, —— 7.
Stirling,	- -	Saturday, —— 12.

NORTH.—LORD DUNSINNAN and LORD CULLEN.

Inverneſs,	- -	Friday, - Oct. 9.
Aberdeen,	- -	Friday, - —— 16.
Perth,	- - -	Wedneſday, —— 21.

SOUTH.—LORD CRAIG and LORD ARMADALE.

Ayr,	- - -	Friday, - Sept. 4.
Dumfries,	- -	Wedneſday, —— 9.
Jedburgh,	- -	Monday, - —— 14.

21. This day came on the election of the Nine Incorporated Trades of Leith, when the following gentlemen were elected members of Convenery, viz.

Mr James Bell, deacon of Hammermen and convener.

Mr Peter M'Laren, old convener.

Mr David Noble, deacon of Wrights.—Mr Hugh Kinghorn, deacon of Maſons.—Mr John Ruſſell, treaſurer.

Mr Robert Cleghorn, deacon of Bakers.—Mr Gray Haxton, treaſurer.

Mr David Hutton, deacon of Tailors.—Mr George Welſh, treaſurer.

Mr William Lizars, deacon of Cordwainers.—Mr William Young, treaſurer.

Mr John Turnbull, deacon of Weavers.—Mr Joſeph Blackie, treaſurer.

Mr William Binney, deacon of Fleſhers.—Mr Thomas Coots, treaſurer.

Mr James Rennie, deacon of Coopers.—Mr Peter Lindſay, treaſurer.

Mr Duncan Carſe, deacon of Barbers.—Mr John Mitchell, treaſurer;

And Mr John Dickman, treaſurer to Hammermen.

Aug. 25. This day the price of Oatmeal fell Two pence the peck in Edinburgh market—The ſales were dull.—There were upwards of 480 bolls of Oatmeal in the Market, which ſold from 1l. 2s. to 1l. 5s. per boll.—There were alſo 200 bolls of Peaſe and Barley Meal, which ſold from 13s. to 16s. per boll.—Retail price of beſt Oatmeal, 1s. 7d. per peck; ſecond ſort, 1s. 6d.—Barley meal, 1s. 1d.—Peaſe meal, 1s. 1d.

26. The Town Council, in teſtimony of the high ſenſe they entertained of the merits and ſervices of James Jackſon, Eſq.

Eſq. preſent Dean of Guild of this city, unanimouſly voted him their thanks and a piece of plate.—The unexampled and unremitting attention with which this gentleman has diſcharged the various public duties he has held in this city for many years, claim moſt juſtly the tribute of thanks and gratitude from all his fellow citizens. The benefit the Community, through his exertions in obtaining aid from Government to carry on our Wet Docks, and the public, and more particularly the lower claſſes, have already derived from the improvement in the Potatoe Meaſures, and legal ſtandard to which every meaſure and weight in the city can now be adjuſted at ſo trifling an expence, claim the acknowledgement of all ranks. The taſk was no doubt arduous, but it has been accompliſhed, and will, by the arrangements now eſtabliſhed by him, continue on a permanent footing for the ſecurity of individuals, and a bleſſing to the country.

Aug. 26. On application from the Magiſtrates and Town Council to the Preſbytery, it was reſolved, that the tranſlation of the Rev. Mr Dickſon, from the College Church, to the New North Church of this city, ſhould take place on the 10th of September.

The price of Straw, which was ſometime ago ſold at 25s. the kemple, is now reduced to 4s.

The proprietors of the coaches between Edinburgh and Glaſgow, have reduced the price of tickets from 21s. to 18s. and the outſide from 12s. to 10s.

26. This day George Walker, for horſe-ſtealing, was executed at Edinburgh, purſuant to his ſentence. He was attended by the Rev. Dr Thomſon, one of the miniſters of the city, and the Rev. Mr Porteous, and appeared to be very penitent and reſigned to his fate.

26. This morning, about one o'clock, a fire broke out in Fereneze Flax ſpinning mill, in the pariſh of Neilſton, which was wholly conſumed in leſs than two hours. The manager and his family narrowly eſcaped with their lives. The fire was firſt diſcovered by a perſon who lives at a ſhort diſtance from the mill. The premiſes are inſured in the Sun and Royal Exchange fire-offices.

Aberdeen, Aug. 24. On Wedneſday we had a tremendous ſtorm of thunder and lightning, attended by heavy ſhowers of rain. It began in the morning at Foudland, and taking a ſouth eaſt-courſe, reached this place in the afternoon. Many of the peals were louder and longer than any ever remembered in this country. In the evening, one Forbes, a wright in Ellon, travelling towards Newburgh, was killed by the lightning. His ſhirt was burnt to tinder, part of his watchcaſe melted, and his body greatly diſfigured. He is much regretted, as a worthy ingenious man. At Micklefolla, in the Garioch, the lightning came through the roof of a houſe into the rooms, and broke ſome articles of furniture, but fortunately no perſon was there at the time. In the ſame neighbourhood a horſe was killed by the lightning.

"Laſt week the Salmon fiſhing on the Sands was uncommonly ſucceſsful. It is computed that above 50,000lb. weight were caught.—They were ſold at from 2½d. and 3d. a pound."

BIRTHS.

At the Ducheſs of Rutland's, London, Lady Catherine Forreſter, a ſon and heir.

At London, the Lady of Charles Thomſon, at his houſe in Queen Square.

At London, the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Strutt, a ſon.

At Canterbury, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Hugh Baillie, of the 86th foot, a ſon.

Mrs Murray, wife of Alexander Murray, Eſq. Hatton-garden, a ſon.

Mrs George Reid, at Blairſtone, Ayrſhire, two ſons.

At Vale Lodge, Leatherhead, Mrs R. Whitefoord, a daughter.

The Lady of Thomas Graham, Eſq. of Gower-ſtreet, London, a daughter.

The Lady of Rear-Admiral Whitſhed, two ſons.

1801, *Feb.* 4. In India, the Lady of Col. James Pringle, of the Hon. the Eaſt India Company's ſervice, a daughter.

July 11. At Liſbon, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Fraſer, of the 47th regiment, a ſon.

22. At Datcher, the Lady of G. E. Graham, Eſq. a daughter.

23. At Dreſden, Mrs Gray, twin daughters.

24. At Leixlip, the Right Hon. Lady Auguſta Leith, a ſon.

26. The wife of Citizen Lidauld, of Thouars, in France, of three ſons, who are ſtrong, and likely to do well. The parents are 50 years of age, 25 years married, and never had any children before.

30. The Lady of Sir William Ramſay, Bart. a ſon.

Aug.

Aug. 4. At Rednock Houſe, Mrs Graham Stirling, a daughter.

—. At Champfleurie, Mrs Johnſton, of Straiton, a ſon.

5. At Langley Park, Mrs Cruikſhank, a daughter.

—. At his houſe in George Square, Edinburgh, the Lady of Henry Veitch, Eſq. of Eliock, a ſon.

7. At Roſſie, Mrs Grant of Kilgraſton, a ſon.

9. Mrs Perry of Fleet-market, London, three children, two boys and a girl, who, with the mother, are likely to do well.

12. At her houſe in Queen Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Elliot, a ſon.

—. The Lady of Alex. Jardine, Eſq. of Applegarth, a ſon.

14. At Richmond, the Counteſs of Glaſgow, a daughter.

15. At Clerkington, Mrs Hepburn, of Clerkington, a daughter.

17. At Granton, Lady Charlotte Hope, a daughter.

20. The Lady of the Hon. Francis Charteris, a daughter.

24. At Airthrey-mine Houſe, near Stirling, Mrs Hands, a ſon.

MARRIAGES.

Rear-Admiral Wilſon, of Redgrave-hall, to Miſs Catherine Pollard, daughter of John Pollard, Eſq. of Ewell, Surrey

At Cloyne, Brigadier-General Dunne, to Miſs White, ſiſter of Lord Viſcount Bantry, and niece to Lord Viſcount Longueville.

At Linton, Col. Rochford, to Miſs Mann, daughter of Sir Horace Mann, Bart.

At Woodford, Lieut.-Col. Hutchinſon, of the 49th regiment, to Miſs Letitia Vaillant, youngeſt daughter of Paul Vaillant, Eſq. of Pall-Mall.

At Burford, Lieut.-Col. Little, of the Eaſt India Company's ſervice, to Miſs Sophia Chavaſſe, of that place.

The Right Hon. Lord Aylmer, to Miſs Louiſa Call, ſecond daughter of the late Sir John Call, Bart.

At Stoncham, Joſeph Jekyll, Eſq. M. P. to Miſs Sloane, daughter of Hans Sloane, Eſq. M. P.

At Bath. Sir Marcus Somerville, Bart. M. P. to Miſs Marianne Meredyth.

At Buſhney, J. A. Heſeltine, Eſq. to Miſs Laura Graham, youngeſt daughter of R. R. Graham, Eſq.

At Biſhop's Waltham, George Skottowe, Eſq. to Miſs Robinſon, only daughter to Capt. Mark Robinſon, of the Royal Navy.

Dr Croſman, to the celebrated Miſs Hannah More, of Briſtol.

At Paiſley, Mr Henry Knox, merchant in Glaſgow, to Miſs Jane Clarke, daughter of the late Mr John Clarke, merchant Paiſley.

At Dumfries, Mr John Swan, merchant in London, to Miſs Helen Maxwell, daughter to Mr Francis Maxwell, one of the Town-Clerks of Dumfries.

At Timohoe, Ireland, Mark Eves, aged 75, to Iſabella Wily, aged 70, both of the people called Quakers.

July 28. At Portfield, Mr J. Dykes, merchant in Glaſgow, to Miſs Agnes Edgar, daughter of the late Mr William Edgar, merchant.

—. At the Manſe of Aboyne, the Rev. Mr Andrew Watſon, Miniſter of Tarland, to Miſs Helen Maitland, only daughter of the Rev. Mr William Maitland, late Miniſter of that pariſh.

29. At Hamilton, Archibald Douglas, Eſq. of Nevis, and Kilpatrick Caſtle, Argyleſhire, to Mrs Delaney, widow of the late Lieutenant Delaney of the iſland of St Kitts.

30. At Kenton, Mr Beard, of that place, to Miſs Bartlett, of Teignmouth. Same day, Captain Bartlett, of Teignmouth, to Miſs Beard, brother and ſiſter to the above.

Aug. 3. At Kinnettles, Anthony Murray, Eſq. of Cricff, to Miſs Helen Bower, fourth daughter of Alexander Bower, Eſq. of Kincaldrum.

4. At Leith, Mr Robert Auld (late of St Peterſburgh,) merchant in Glaſgow, to Miſs Iſabella Douglas, daughter of William Douglas, Eſq. of Leith.

11. At Dundee, James Laidlaw, Eſq. Clerk to the Signet, to Miſs Jean Pitcairn, ſecond daughter of the deceaſed John Pitcairn, Eſq. merchant, and late Provoſt of Dundee.

14. At Pitfour, James Hay of Seggieden, Eſq. to Miſs Richardſon, daughter of John Richardſon of Pitfour, Eſq.

17. At Brownfield, near Glaſgow, Mr Affleck-Moodie, merchant in Glaſgow, to Miſs Knox, daughter of John Knox, Eſq. merchant there

18. At Glaſgow, Mr Ebenezer Prentice, merchant, Glaſgow, to Miſs Margaret Collins, daughter of the deceaſed Thomas Collins, Eſq. of St Croix.

24. Mr John Wilſon, merchant, Glaſgow, to Miſs J. Allan, daughter of the late Robert Allan, merchant.

27. At Williamfield, Mr John Gloag, merchant, Edinburgh, to Miſs Jean Kerr, ſecond daughter of the late William Kerr, Eſq. of the Poſt-Office General.

DEATHS.

Lately, in the 85th year of his age, Mr David Stewart, ſen. of Lough-gilky. He is ſurvived by his wife, (with whom he lived 61 years) 11 children, 80 grand-children, and 36 great-grand-children.

Lately, General Lord Adam Gordon, Colonel of the Firſt Regiment of Foot, Governor of Edinburgh Caſtle, &c.

At

At Carliſle, Mr Lowthian, Coachmaker. —His death was occaſioned by the following accident: Looking at ſome perſons amuſing themſelves by throwing the hammer, the preceding Monday, the hammer ſlipped from the hand of the perſon who was throwing it, and taking a wrong direction, ſtruck Mr L. on the forehead.

Miſs Ann Forbes Barnes, youngeſt daughter of John Barnes, Eſq of Walthamſtow.

At Orator, in the county of Tyrone, the Rev. Mr John Glaſgow, Preſbyterian clergyman of Coleraine.

At the Manſe of Kettle, Fifeſhire, Margaret Dudingſtone, ſpouſe to the Rev. Mr Barclay.

Lately, at Dublin, the Right Hon. Lord Roſſmore. His Lordſhip the preceding day had dined abroad in a ſelect company of friends, where he was diſtinguiſhed by his accuſtomed chearfulneſs, and kind manners. In the evening he was at the drawing-room at the Caſtle, and remained till half after eleven, when he retired, and on going to bed apparently in perfect health; about two o'clock he rang for his ſervant, who inſtantly appearing, his Lordſhip ſaid he was a little ſick, and inſtantly expired, without a groan.

At Glaſgow, Mr John Williſon, late of Port-Glaſgow.

Thomas Wilſon, Eſq. of Montpelier, in Tobago, on his paſſage home, for the recovery of his health, in the Leeward Iſland Fleet, lately arrived.

Major Brown of the Leiceſterſhire Militia. This gentleman was returning from London to join his regiment at Yxley Barracks, and was found dead in the coach, at Biggleſwade.

Lieutenant-Gen. Macleod, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 73d foot, lately on his paſſage to Liſbon.

Mr M'Lean, ſurgeon on board his Majeſty's ſhip Latona, in Yarmouth Roads.

At Aberdeen, Mrs Gibbon, wife of Mr James Gibbon, merchant.

At his houſe at Blackheath, the Right Hon. William Earl of Dartmouth, Viſcount Lewiſham, and Baron of Dartmouth. His Lordſhip was High Steward of the Univerſity of Oxford, Recorder of Litchfield, and a Governor of the Charter-Houſe.

At London, Sir William Plomer Knight and Alderman.

At Bath, the Lady of Dr Smith.

At the Royal Naval Hoſpital, Plymouth, Lieut. Burke, of the Doris, of a typhous fever, occaſioned by the ſevere wounds received in his ſhoulder, from a grape ſhot, in the glorious attack on La Cheverette in the harbour of Breſt.

At Wallington Park, the Right Hon. Sir Grey Cooper, Bart. His death was very ſudden. About half after five o'clock in the morning, Sir Grey rang violently at the bell for his valet, whom he deſired to ſaddle a horſe, and ride over to the village, about a mile diſtant, for the Doctor. He ſet off immediately, and returned with the Apothecary in leſs than half an hour; but they arrived too late, Sir Grey had breathed his laſt. The Rev. Mr Cooper, in Wales, Sir Grey's eldeſt ſon, becomes poſſeſſed of the family eſtate, about 9000l. per ann.—Sir Grey Cooper was near ſeventy-five years of age.

At Hydrabad, Eaſt Indies, on the 7th December 1800, Lieut.-Col. James Dalrymple, in the ſervice of the Hon. Eaſt India Company, ſon of the late Sir William Dalrymple of Couſland, Bart.

At Calcutta, Bengal, the 29th December laſt, Robert M'Farlane, Eſq. aged 75 years, He was the oldeſt inhabitant in India, during a reſidence of forty-eight years in that country.

On the iſland of Cey'on, in February laſt, Captain Dugald Campbell, of the 88th regt. ſecond ſon of Major-Gen. Dugald Campbell, of the Madras Eſtabliſhment.

At Calcutta, in January laſt, Lieut. Robert Webſter, of the Hon. the Eaſt India Company's ſervice, ſon of Mr Robert Webſter, Mains of Errol.

1800. *Dec.* 29. At Calcutta, Robert Macfarlane, Eſq

1801. *May* 20. At Kingſton, Jamaica, Mr Geo. Gilfillan, merchant.

June 17. Peter Innes, Eſq. of Kingſton in Jamaica.

July 9. At Queensferry, aged 87, Mr James Bunkell, Merchant, long one of the Magiſtrates of that Burgh.

17. At Hexham, aged 80, Thomas Cummins, who only ſurvived his wife Elizabeth, aged 79, one day. They had been married 54 years, and were interred in the ſame grave.

18. Mr Gavin Beugo, of Lanceſield. A ſhort time ago he gave, among a number of charities, Thirty Pounds to the Glaſgow Royal Infirmary, and Twenty Pounds to the Town's Hoſpital. He made preſents to all his workmen; to ſome he gave five pounds, to others ten pounds; and to two of them, he left liberal annuities during life.

—. At Clackmanan, Mr James Stewart, youngeſt ſon of Duncan Stewart, Eſq of Invernahyle.

20. At Tranent, the Rev. Mr Hugh Cunningham.

22. At Comely Garden, near Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Robertſon, ſpouſe to Mr James Clark of Belliville Park.

2[illegible]. At Edinburgh, Lieut.-Gen. Alexander Campbell, of Glendaruel.

—. At Aberdeen, Mrs John Farquhar, late of Newton of Murtle, in the 84th year of her age.

At

July 23. At Linlithgow, Miſs Janet Clark, daughter of the deceaſed Mr William Clark, merchant.

—. At Manſe of Port of Monteath, the Rev. Mr Robert Stirling, Miniſter of that pariſh for upwards of 30 years.

24. At Moffat, Miſs Veronica Wood, youngeſt daughter of Mr Walter Wood, late of Edinburgh.

27. Mr Alexander Buchanan, writer in Glaſgow.

—. At Dundee, Mr George Webſter, merchant.

28. Mr John Bayll, vintner in Edinburgh.

29. At Edinburgh, Miſs Stewart, daughter of the late James Stewart, Eſq. Collector of the Widows Fund.

31. The Rev. Mr James Heron, miniſter of the pariſh of Kirkgunzeon.

—. At his houſe in Kinninmont, county of Aberdeen, William Reid, aged 103.

Aug. 2. At her houſe in South Frederick Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Sinclair, relict of the deceaſed George Sinclair, Eſq. Writer to the Signet.

—. At Linlithgow, Mrs Janet Rankine, ſpouſe of Mr Andrew Bartholomew, merchant.

3. At Landport, near Lewis, Mr John Tourle, a Capital Farmer, and the richeſt man in the South Downs. He is reputed to have died worth *three hundred thouſand pounds.*

4. At his houſe in Prince's Street, Edinburgh, John Macnab, Eſq. of Newton, Writer to the Signet.

—. At Edinburgh, Mr James Watſon, Bookſeller.

7. At her houſe, St David Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Nicolſon, relict of the late Geo. Nicolſon, Eſq. of Jerviſton.

—. Lieut. Steel, of the Royal Perthſhire Militia, at Stonehaven.

9. At Leith Walk, Mr William Nelſon, Hat manufacturer.

11. At Wardie, Mr George Grindlay, merchant in Edinburgh.

13. At Ellon Caſtle, the Right Hon. George Gordon Earl of Aberdeen, in the 80th year of his age. His Lordſhip is ſucceeded by his grandſon George Lord Haddo.

—. At Moſtyn Cottage, near Muſſelburgh, Mrs Johnſton, late wife to Captain William Johnſton.

16. At Jedburgh, Miſs Agnes Bennet, daughter of the deceaſed Andrew Bennet, Eſq. of Cheſters.

—. At the Manſe of Long Dreghorn, Ayrſhire, in the 62d year of his age, and 31ſt of his miniſtry, the Rev. Mr Michael Todd.

17. Mr James Miller, Preacher of the Goſpel, who for many years paſt has ſerved the office of Chaplain to ſeveral of the public charities in Edinburgh.

Aug. 18. At Paiſley, Mrs Walkinſhaw, widow of the late Mr James Walkinſhaw, merchant.

24. At his houſe, Gabriel's Road, Mr George Callender.

—. At Glaſgow, Mrs Todd, relict of Mr John Todd, manufacturer in Glaſgow.

25. Alexander Bruce, infant ſon of Alexander Bruce, Eſq. of Kennet, at Edinburgh.

Births in the East Indies.

Of Sons:—the Ladies of Major-General Conyngham; of Captain J. Stevenſon, at Chittledroog; of Major Grey, at Madras; of Captain J. Paton, at Cawnpore; of Lieutenant Shore, 51ſt regiment, at Calitura; of Captain J. Wilſon, at Bombay; of Captain J. Shaw, 77th regiment; of A. Johnſtone, Eſq; of J. Cheap, Eſq. at Sooral—Of Daughters:—the Ladies of Sir Frederick Hamilton, Bart.; of Sir Alexander Seaton, Bart.; of Colonel Wauchope, at Madras: of Capt. G. G. Richardſon, of twins; of Lieutenant Weſt, at Dindigul; of the Rev. C. Buchanan; of W. Roxburgh, Eſq.

Marriages in the East Indies.

At Bombay, Lieut.-Col. R. Gordon, Adjutant-General, to Miſs King. Captain J. Williams, of Monghyr, to the widow of the late Major Sibbald. R. F. Anſtruther, Eſq. to the daughter of the late Sir J. Meredyth. G. Udney, Eſq. of the Board of Trade, to Miſs Fleming. Lieutenant J. Helton, 29th dragoons, to the ſecond daughter, of the late Lieutenant Colonel Roſs. Lieutenant Warner, to Miſs G. White. At Madras, J. King, Eſq. to Mrs de Dieu. At Bhaughulpore, Captain Stewart, to Miſs H. Wainwright.

Deaths in the East Indies.

Brigadier General Carnac, aged 84, at Mangalore. At Hydrabad, Lieut.-Colonel Dalrymple. Lieut.-Col. E. Robiſon, 86th regiment, and Lieut.-Colonel Robert Frith, 1ſt Native Cavalry, at Bombay. At ſea, Lieutenant-Colonel Barton, of the Bengal artillery. At Gezapore, Lieut.-Col. J. Pigot, 6th Native Cavalry. At Amboyna, Captain Hatron, of the Veluvius Bomb. Ditto, Lieut. Luſkin, of his Majeſty's ſhip Virginia, and Capt. Matthews, paymaſter of the Troops of that Iſland. Captain R. Macfarlane, aged 74. Lieut.-Col. T. Higgins, 4th Native Regiment. At Pondicherry, Captain Whitlie, 12th Regt. At ſea, Major Gale, 28th dragoons. At Barrackpore, Capt. W. Hill, 3d Native regiment. At Bombay, Mr Gardner, Purſer of the Fox frigate, and Enſign James Stewart, 86th Regiment. Capt. R. Carruthers, 24th Native Regiment. At Goa, Capt. Robinſon, 84th Regiment. J. Seawen, Eſq. Military Auditor General. At Columbo, Mr Ranken.